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A VISIT TO THE UMATILLAS.



THE Umatilla Indian Reservation is situated in Eastern Oregon and lies south and east of Pendleton. It contained originally 450 square miles of territory, but about two years ago 200 square miles were set aside for sale by act of Congress, confirmed by treaty with the allied tribes, and the diminished reservation was divided and allotted severally to the thousand Indians dwelling thereon. The amount received for the ceded land, which was sold at public auction, was divided among the Indians for their use. In allotting the diminished reserve, each head of a family was given 160 acres, each child under eighteen years of age 40 acres, each orphan child 80 acres, each single person over the age of eighteen 80 acres. Only the agricultural land was used in this fashion, and this consisted of about 90,000 acres, the remainder, being timber land and high grassy hills, was reserved for pasture. The greater portion of the reservation is north of the Umatilla River and embraces nearly two townships. The soil is very fertile and well adapted to the production of cereals, wheat in particular. It commonly yields fifty bushels per acre, and thirty bushels is considered almost a crop failure.

As might be expected in such a prosperous section of country, many of the Indians are quite well-to-do, some even wealthy. They nearly all own stock, and not a few have coin hoarded away in some primitive bank, safe according to its inaccessibility, but beyond the reach of those terrors of civilized capitalists, financial panic or depression. Still, even with them, wealth brings its own care and grief. One old chief had several thousand dollars buried in some secluded spot, the profit of years of trading live stock. In true Indian fashion, he went to Washington to spend and enjoy his money, and as funds diminished would draw on his primitive bank at home, sending to his son to forward the amount required. All went well for some time, but one sorry day the young Indian sought the hoard only to find it gone with no possible trace of the thief. One can imagine the rage of its rightful owner.

On the Umatilla Reservation three once great tribes are represented, the Cayuses, the Umatillas and the Walla Wallas, numbering for the two former about four hundred each, and for the latter two hundred. All these, but more particularly the Cayuses, come from the same stock as

the Nez Perces who dwell on the Lapwai Reservation in Idaho, and intermarriages between all these nations are frequent. The ground on which the reservation is situated was once the camping ground of the Cayuses, whose warriors waged the wars now fortunately a thing of the past. The adjacent mountains and streams, which before the advent of the white man abounded in fish and game, yielded them generous food supplies. There they lived proudly independent. Their spirit has survived even until this day. They have kept their race unmixed with the blood of the paleface for whom they manifest a decided contempt. The mixed bloods on the reservation are generally related to the Walla Walla Indians, originally from the neighborhood of Wallula. The Indian blood comes mostly through the mothers, their fathers being either employees of the Hudson's Bay Company or French adventurers. From the mouth of the river of the same name and along the lower part of the stream and its tributaries come the Umatillas, who also give their name to the reservation, though the least numerous of the remnants of the tribes gathered together there. It was about thirty years ago that these people were settled in this charming spot in charge of an agent.

The agency buildings at Umatilla are delightfully situated in a shady grove by which runs a stream of cold, clear water, the sound of which alone is refreshing in the dead of summer as it ripples along over its rocky bed. The agent's home is a very charming one, but this is not owing to the generosity of the Government. It is entirely due to the personality of the family. It is one of those households with a pronounced home element, the warmth of which surrounds the guest, calms him, welcomes him with that delightful hospitality which makes every moment of the sojourn a pleasure and renders parting a regret; until in after time when one is tempted to condemn the world, though he were a hardened cynic, he pauses, softened by the memory that there are such people in it. The house itself is a picturesque cottage well shaded without, while the interior consists of a great sitting room, low ceiled and many windowed, rich in easy chairs and tempting books, about which are sleeping rooms, while the cooking and eating are consigned to a smaller cottage at a short distance from the house. This ban-

ishes in the breathless summer days all heat and odors.

A visit to the school is well worth the trouble. Education is compulsory, and there, ten months of the year, children of Indian blood are educated, clothed and fed at the expense of the nation. Such a variety of young humanity as the classes present, from the tall full-blooded red-skin with his dark skin and black hair, through all degrees and shades to the small, flaxen-haired, freckled-faced boy in the front seat, in whom it is difficult to believe that there is a suspicion of taint. The school is managed very much on the plan of the ordinary boarding school, except that some hours of each day are exacted for manual labor. There are two roomy, airy buildings, one devoted to living, the other to purposes of education. The school is divided into four classes consisting of both boys and girls, each with its own teacher. Here are taught those branches which constitute the foundation of an American education. The recitations reveal to the student of human nature only a stronger proof of the similarity of childhood under all circumstances and in all races. There are the giggling girl, the bashful boy, and the class beauty, common to all educational institutions. Like the white children all over the country at this time



A UMATILLA BELLE.

these little dark-skinned were drilling for the closing exhibition, and the hoop drill by the primary classes was very interesting. After that came the noon hour, and we hurried to the other house. The teachers kindly showed us through the different rooms, dormitories with small iron beds as like as pens in a pod, infirmaries only distinguishable by name, into their own pleasant rooms which a few personal belongings and artistic taste had rendered beautiful. They need some pretty spot, for the teachers are expected never to leave the building a single night during the entire term of school, thus spending the



A YOUNG SQUAW.

greater portion of their lives with their charges, whose society must be anything but congenial, as abhorrence of water is inborn, and cleanliness difficult to enforce, while approaching civilization and the mingling of races has too often developed loathsome diseases. Indeed, the agency physician told us there were few among them not subject to some form of scrofula. This is at its worst in the children, frequently showing itself in disgusting sores which heal in after years, leaving, however, life-long scars. Dinner is served in a clean, airy dining room and consists of plenty of plain wholesome food. A portion of the scholars serve the rest at the table and are in turn waited upon by the others. At the board were none over sixteen years of age, yet young girls were pointed out to us with the information that they had already been wedded more than once, and would in all probability when the term was over choose other mates. In this atmosphere morality does not exist, and it is only lately that legal marriages were contracted; but on the recent division of land a marriage by a clergyman or a justice of the peace was made conditional to the holding of property, so the semblance of civilization was acquired, but really the old order of things is little changed.

We visited the largest tepee on the reserve, a great conical tent of tules so woven as to resemble matting. Here some forty Indians make their home summer and winter, and here are stored their earthly possessions. A great fire burns in the center of this dwelling about which the inhabitants gather day and evening. The smoke is supposed to pass off through an aperture in the roof, but enough is retained in the structure to make the atmosphere stifling when one stands erect, but squat native fashion near the floor, and the air is almost as pure as that in the woods without. At night the dwellers of this primitive abode recline upon blankets and skins with their heads towards the wall and their feet towards

the fire. Of the unmarried portion, the women sleep on one side and the men on the other. It was here that we saw the prettiest squaw that ever delighted the eye of a white or red man, the wife of a well-to-do Indian named Motonic. Very childish she looked in spite of her two-year-old heir whom she abandoned to the delectation of the flies as he slept in the outer air, unwatched save by a lean dog. She was not more than five feet in height, her figure was slender yet beautifully rounded, her hair black and glossy and hanging in two great braids below her knees. Her face was full and when she smiled, as she did almost constantly, deepened into countless dimples; her great black eyes were soft and tender, though seldom destitute of a gleam of mirth. She lacked the high cheek-bones of her people and had she betrayed a more intimate acquaintance with soap and water her laughing mouth would have been almost kissable. She was very gay and full of life, her laugh ringing out musically at the expense of her white visitors. The commercial instinct is strongly developed in these people. I early noticed that they evinced strong objections to having their pictures taken, and supposed their motive was from superstitious dread. Far from it. They had a lingering suspicion that their counterfeiters were to be used for the financial advancement of the photographer and demanded a share of the spoil, charging for their services at the reasonable rate of five dollars a sitting.

Many peculiar names are found among these tribes, and it is difficult to determine any fixed rule for their bestowal. The child takes neither the name of its father, mother or tribe, its designation being seemingly merely fanciful. It is said that the first thing beheld by its mother as she opens the door after its birth, gives the child its name, but a careful study of titles, while it might often tend to strengthen, more frequently explodes that theory; for instance, these: "No Shirt," "He Eats no Meat," "Ducks Squawking All Winter," "Five Times Dead," and "She Sings Another Song." Another objection to this pretty fable is that the baby is not named at all until he is able to run about, being known previous to this as boy or girl, "Hatswol" or "Petellis."

It is difficult to uproot natural tendencies in the red man. While many have fine houses and many more are able to have them, they prefer to dwell in the primitive tepees, using the modern building as a storehouse. The sweat box is still retained for all diseases, and the treatment is completed by a cold plunge. In his ancient habitation the Indian has made neither change nor improvement. As of old, it is made of poles set together in a circle fastened at the apex, thus forming a cone which is covered with tules tied together to resemble matting, its only opening a small doorway for egress, and the aperture in the top which is both skylight and chimney. The squaws build these dwellings, for they are now, as ever, the drudges of Indian life, labor being beneath the dignity of a brave, so the women not only build the house, but gather and prepare the materials, also attending to drying of fish, meats and fruits for winter use.

In matters of religion even here are found diverse opinions. While many are attracted by the pomp and glitter of the worship of the Church of Rome, and there is a resident priest and a school conducted by Sisters of Mercy, the Presbyterian Mission here established and presided over by a Nez Perce Indian has many adherents, and the ghost dancer still teaches the older generations that the country was made for Indians, and for them were placed the fish in the streams, the game in the forests; that they were

never intended for civilization, and if they will submit to it, the Great Spirit will in anger sweep them and their children from the face of the earth. In this, I fear events have proved the Smohalla to be more nearly in the right than all other teachers. Nature in her marvelous wisdom has ordained certain creations for certain purposes and localities. Note how the cowslip flies at the approach of man, how the deer and the buffalo perish in the breath of the onmarching enlightenment. It is even so with the Indian. Man and beast and flower were constructed and intended for the wilderness. They have no place in the busy hum of a more artificial life. When settlement and civilization approach their work is done, their usefulness is past, and in the divine order of the survival of the fittest, they give place to the advancing throng, so "The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God fulfills himself in many ways."

In the afternoon St. Andrew's Industrial School was visited. It is conducted by a religious order and is at some distance from the agency buildings. It has been supported for some time by the generosity of members of the Roman Communion in the East, but has recently received a Government appropriation which will render its work more deficient in the future. It is a comfortable building, quite imposing as it stands alone upon the hill many feet above the humble parish church where the black robed sisters and their dusky throng of scholars worship. Its surroundings are picturesque, and the views from the eminence covers forty miles of waving wheat, for it is a country of rich harvests in spite of the slight promise of the dusty soil, the ingredients of which, however, produce wheat nowhere surpassed. In the rear of the convent is a cool stream of running water, and by its side the wild



PAUL SHOWAWAY.

flowers grow; there, too, the merry party of visitors drank without the aid of cups, bending school-boy fashion over the stream until the lips touched water cold as ice. From the school was pointed out the course of the old stage road, winding among the hills, which flourished before the advent of railroads. It was far more pleasant out of doors than in the clean parlor, which was typical of the convent everywhere, with its stiff chairs set in rows against the wall,

everything so immaculate in its cleanliness that one fancied the presence of the odor of soft soap; everything breathed restraint, self-denial, only the generous proportion of the sister superior being out of harmony with the vow of poverty which forms a part of the ceremonial of entrance to every religious order.

Of all the proplems of our national life, few have been so serious as the question of the best method of dealing with the Indian. Many theories have failed in practice, and tuition in the dear school of experience has been paid in the lives of the bravest. While politicians and statesmen are experimenting and seemingly approaching little nearer to the solution of the question, time and disease are fast rendering all discussion useless. When a thousand individuals are all that remain of three once powerful tribes, one can see how rapidly the Indian, like the deer and the buffalo upon which he preyed, is passing from the face of the earth. However small may be the sympathy felt for the redskin, one cannot but be touched with a passing sadness, as one watches the slow decay of power. That a race should have no resting place in a world theirs ages before the conquering people set foot upon the soil, is a pathetic proof of the constant strife between feebleness and strength, and has resulted as usual in the survival of the fittest. The savage required too much room. As he scorned to labor, it required too many square feet of ground to give him life. He made the least, not the most of his possessions, and the consequence was, he was driven from the land he would never have improved, and the territory which would support but one Indian was cultivated and furnished sustenance to many white men, while its original owner was driven before the oncoming civilization.

He lives to-day supported by the bounty of an empire built on his own ruin, an outcast and a stranger in the very land whose forests were once his hunting grounds, whose streams floated his canoe. He has been driven from the mountains which were once his impregnable strongholds; cities, surrounded by fertile fields, flourish on the site of his battle grounds. Only on a few reservations is he seen in the remnants of his former barbarism, and even his body is but a shadow of what it was. Disease has accomplished its dreadful work, and seldom indeed is it that among the remnants of the tribes is found a presence justifying the old romances. Among the Indians on this reservation are undoubtedly the highest types which remain. Here may be found braves who might be handsome and fearful in war paint; and in Motonic's wife was a suggestion of the beautiful Indian maid, for whom, in days of yore, the youthful adventurer, led in chains of love, abandoned home and people that she might become his forevermore. Everywhere can be noted the superiority of the Indian over the half-breed. They are cleaner, less liable to disease and more intelligent, but perhaps that is less owing to the mixture of races than the low type of white who will cast his lot among the barbarians. How lost would be the brave who fifty years ago was gathered to his fathers, were he permitted to visit the scene of his battles, to see the land he contested so bravely gone from him, and his ancient enemy lord unquestioned of his plains,

his mountains, his rivers. Wherever or however one finds them, how pathetic are the results of defeat. Yet there is such a thing as a necessary injustice. One may pity the decline of the barbarian, one cannot be blind enough to regret it. It is a question whether a continent could be broad enough to accommodate two such races in peace. One must make way. It is a case of the divine progress of enlightenment, the westward march of empire, and the Indian passes into history to fulfill this relentless law. Who shall la-

the reservation the daily allowance is one pound of beef, and each Saturday (issue day) seven pounds are issued for each person. An average family, five persons, would thus draw thirty-five pounds each week, which is more than most white families can afford, even with hard work. Each issue day there is issued, at the Blackfeet Agency, beef to the amount of 14,000 pounds, besides flour, bacon, beans, coffee, tea, sugar, etc. The Government is providing liberally for those wards, and has properly solved the Indian problem.

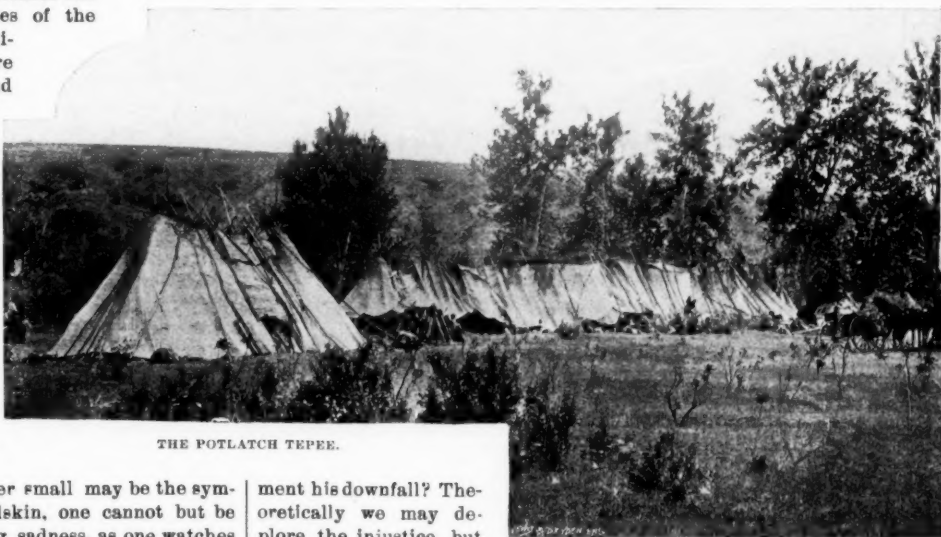
Possibly the greatest advancement made during the past two years at any agency was at the Blackfeet, and the indications are that it will continue. The Indians are gradually taking to agriculture, and during the past year, under the head farmer, Chas. Aubrey, they have constructed irrigating ditches until their eight main ditches now aggregating twenty-nine miles in length, and the laterals almost twice that distance. A great deal of hay is being put up by Indians on the reservation at present, and in addition to the mowing machines already in use, forty more are being issued to the Indians.

A RABBIT RANCH.

It is not generally known that a rabbit ranch exists near the city on what promises to be quite an extensive scale, says the South Bend, Wash., Journal. J. B. Baumgartner and Matthias Foerg are the owners of the ranch, which is located just above the Narrows, and already have a barn forty feet long and divided up into stalls, all of which are now occupied by Bunny and his numerous progeny.

The rabbits are of the lop-eared variety, a breed exceedingly scarce and held at fancy prices in the United States. Mr. Baumgartner imported two pairs from Switzerland a year and a half ago, paying \$200 for them. He now has over sixty rabbits from those two pairs, which shows that in rabbit farming, at least, two pairs beat three of a kind. The rabbits breed seven times a year and have from eight to ten to a litter. When full grown they weigh from fourteen to eighteen pounds. They are most delicious eating, their flesh being considered superior to chicken. As they command from fifteen to twenty cents per pound, rabbit farming is much more profitable than chicken-raising. Like ordinary rabbits, they are practically omnivorous. They are beautiful animals, with their long silky ears and fluffy fur. Unlike other rabbits, they do not burrow except at breeding time, and are exceedingly tame by nature, and easily kept. Messrs. Baumgartner and Foerg say that they have only made a fair beginning in the business and are already planning to enlarge their building and ranch.

By fashion plates received at this office, which we always study closely, we observe that the two-story Elizabethan frill is about to come in vogue. It looks very elegant when surmounting a lady's shoulders, but we do not see how a fellow is going to kiss a girl without getting it in the neck.—*Neihart (Mont.) Herald.*



THE POTLATCH TEEPEE.

ment his downfall? Theoretically we may deplore the injustice, but practically we accept its results. Who would recall the old conflicts, with their terrible sacrifice of innocent life, the days when men's lives were held only by their surety of aim, when sleep was dangerous, existence ever subject to the caprice of a crafty and relentless foe? Not one of those who have deplored his downfall and written so copiously in his defence.—*Edith M. Day, in Lewis & Dryden's Railway and Marine Gazette.*

THOSE LUCKY INDIANS.

A man would be in great luck these days had he been born an Indian, says the Benton, Mont., River Press. For each member of each family on



ILPILP.



THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Those who live in Minnesota when the leaves are growing here—
When the hues of earth are changing, and the nights are cool and clear—
Think that they are living somewhere near the gates of Paradise.
For they fancy they can see them through the open northern skies.

It is when the air is quiet and the twinkle of the stars has its brilliancy dimmed a trifle when St. Peter drops the bars;
For the bars are shining silver, with a glint of virgin gold.
And they fall to earth, revealing all the upper wealth untold.

There are waves of light descending, as they did once, long ago,
When the shepherds lay half blinded by a new star's sudden glow.
And we like to think that angels have come down to us, as when
They proclaimed the child of Mary and their pledge of peace to men.

Now and then the bars of silver seems like Jacob's ladder, too,
With the topmost round in heaven and the starbeams shining through.
And 'tis said that all the babies born up here on autumn nights
Find their way adown the staircase made of silver northern lights.

—Franklyn W. Lee in *St. Paul News*.

Only Stole a Ride.

A Salem attorney is entitled to the bakery, at least so says the *Albany Democrat*. He succeeded in acquitting a horse thief found with the horse in his possession on the ground that the man stole the ride and not the horse. The defense was that the man while tired found a stray horse, borrowed it and rode on his way. The jury, which are sometimes very strange mixtures, agreed with Lawyer Kaiser and acquitted the man. According to that theory, it would be as reasonable to convict a tramp of stealing a train when only stealing a ride, as to convict such a man of stealing the horse.

A Prairie Chicken Story.

There was a pretty good prairie chicken story going round recently, and the incident was related to have happened on a farm near Menoken. While driving a header through a wheat field, a covey of twenty-one chickens, still rather small, were run upon, and so fast was the machine going that nineteen of them were swept upon the apron, and into the header-box, where they were caught in a sack by the farmer, who took them home, put 'em in a coop, fattened them, and now has prairie chicken at pleasure, home-raised at that, and without the arduous duty of hunting.—*Bismarck Tribune*.

Who Struck Lee Hinn?

Lee Sing was tried in Judge Miller's court the other day for an assault upon Lee Hinn by striking him with an iron poker in a Chinese gambling-house. The blow, it was claimed, was delivered from the rear, and a dozen celestials were in the municipal court to tell what they didn't know about it, and they were very particular upon this point. Prosecutor Belden was in a hot stew over the utter failure to prove anything. Of course an interpreter was necessary.

"Ask him," Mr. Belden would say, "if he saw the fight."

"Glang, callee wolle plung?" the interpreter would ask; and when the witness would reply, "Poi yung," Mr. Belden would be told that he did.

"Was he close to Sing and Hinn?" asked Belden. "Chow loo ting callee-wallee Sing callee-wallee Hinn?"

"About three feet," replied the interpreter. "Who hit Hinn?" asked Belden, with victory before him.

"Pwong tsu halli palli Hinn?"

"Didn't see it," replied the interpreter, and so it was through all the witnesses.

"Not guilty," said Judge Miller, and all the celestials smiled—all but one—Lee Hinn. He had a broken head and no one had paid for it.—*Spokane Chronicle*.

A Day in Deadwood.

The usual practical, every-day appearance of our streets has changed in the past few days since the United States court has convened and the city has filled up with strangers, "all sorts and conditions of men," from the English capitalist to the beggarly Sioux, the Government's pet. From the north end of town, where the Chinese are found with their "washee" shops, their gorgeous bazaars and their opium dens, to the south end where the firelight from the hearthstone of the Sioux shines through his thin white tepee and shows in shadow his dark, ungainly figure, our streets are a mass of bewildering humanity. The three little Chinese children in their quaint oriental costumes, on their way to and from our public schools, have become familiar objects to our people and we hardly appreciate their picturesqueness, but they assume a new interest when they form a part of this panorama of nations. The Sioux Indians can hardly be said to have the charm for us that they have for our New England cousins, yet never fail to interest, especially when they come upon us in such vast numbers. It is hardly possible for us, believing our mother tongue to be the coming language of the world, to understand a people who consider it a degradation to speak it. But so it is with the Sioux, one of whom, however, in his anxiety to right the matter at issue, was recently surprised into betraying his knowledge of the ignominious language. He was being examined, through an interpreter, by a United States commissioner and was asked his name. "It's Fly Away," the interpreter announced, but the Indian angrily repudiated such a name, and after a brief colloquy in Sioux the interpreter changed the name to "Fly Around." This, however, only increased the noble red man's wrath, and after another brief but animated conversation the name was again changed, this time to "Fly About." This was too much for the owner of the abused name. Scornfully ignoring the interpreter, he informed the commissioner in pure, unadulterated English that his name was "Fly Above,—F-l-y A-b-o-v-e." This being settled, he relapsed into the stony silence of his race, and neither by word or look again showed any signs of the knowledge he scorned to possess. Another Indian bearing the euphonious name of Dismounts-Three-Times-And Out, may have shared Fly Above's contempt for the white man's methods. With a seriousness of which no one but an Indian is capable, he approaches Chas. Mellette, clerk of the court, and asks for mileage. But the clerk, not relying on his memory of faces, looked the matter up and decided that once was enough to pay Dismounts-Three-Times-And-Out his mileage.

But, just as "truth is stranger than fiction," so sometimes the white man is stranger to his white brother than the "heathen Chinese" or the dusky Sioux. It was a white man, a juror on his way to attend court in this city, who fell into conversation with a fellow traveler and revealed his oc-

cupation as "a stiff planter," to use his own elegant diction. Upon being questioned in regard to business, he admitted that it was not very good, but, with ghoulsh glee, he said they were expecting an epidemic in diptheria soon. We welcome the stranger within our gates with all the cordiality for which our "wild West" is famed, but from the fiend in human form Good Lord deliver us.—*Deadwood Pioneer*.

Quick Work.

There is nothing slow about North Dakota. And it follows necessarily that there is a corresponding absence of anything pertaining to slowness in the make-up of the average North Dakotan. Lest this statement should be contradicted by some one who has never had actual experience with North Dakota and its people, it may be well to relate just one instance out of many, in proof of the first assertion.

John Oldfield, the jolly and rotund representative of J. H. Roach & Co., St. Paul, relates a little occurrence which transpired Saturday, and which may be cited as an example. John was aboard the accommodation, and on his way from Mandan to Bismarck. There were other passengers, and among them, one young fellow, a ranchman from Southern Morton County, who was particularly noticeable because of an air of apparent happiness which enveloped him, and so densely as to be almost visible. He approached Mr. Oldfield, and in the course of events, struck up a conversation.

His air was that of a man who is at perfect peace with himself and in exact harmony with all other inhabitants of the earth. He seemed to wish to congratulate everybody. And of course this obvious happiness made him the more interesting.

"Been to the Fair?" he began, as he sat down beside John, and beamed upon him pleasantly.

"Oh, yes," was the answer, as Oldfield turned to the young fellow and looked at him more closely. "Nice place, too," he added; "you been there?"

"No, I haven't," was the answer, "but I'm going, Monday," and again that happy smile.

"Well, you'll have a nice time," said the other. "Great sights there."

"Um-m-h u-m," drawled the other. "I didn't expect to go a few days ago," he went on, and a little nervously, "but you see, I—well—that is—I—"

"Changed your mind, eh?" queried Oldfield, as he scented a story.

"Well, yes, that is—" The young fellow was a little more nervous. "Fact is," he blurted out, hastily, "I'm going to be married Monday, and go there on my wedding tour;" and now that the cat was out of the bag his nervousness passed away, and was replaced by an air of perfect satisfaction.

"I'll tell you just how it is," he continued in a burst of that confidence so peculiar to a man who has just discovered complete happiness and wants everyone to help him appreciate it; "I came up Friday from the ranch, to see my sister who lives in Mandan. I went to the house and found her, and also found that she had a visitor, a young lady whom I used to know in the East—used to go to school with—but she had changed so I hardly remembered her, and she didn't know me at all. Well, I visited with 'em a little while and went down town, and came back again after supper, and, would you believe it, I talked to the young lady till nine o'clock, and finally wound up by asking her to marry me. She said she would, and I'm going to get the license, we are going to be married Monday, and going to the Fair Monday evening. Smooth, isn't it?"

John Oldfield says its the quickest work, and with such satisfactory results, too, he ever heard of. And everyone will agree it to be a natural

result of the vim and energy incident to a life among the rugged hills, fertile prairies, and 'mid the incomparable ozone of North Dakota. That's all.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

Gold Placer Mining.

The low price of silver, with the resulting suspension of work in many silver mines and the setting adrift of thousands of miners formerly employed in them has had the effect of turning attention to the possibilities of reviving the old gold placer industry in nearly all the Rocky Mountain States. In many localities, long since abandoned, miners find that they can make very fair day's wages with picks, shovels and sluice boxes. Formerly, when placer mining was in its glory, nobody could afford to work a claim that yielded much less than five dollars a day per man, for the reason that railroads had not then penetrated to the mining districts and food and supplies had to be hauled for long distances with mule teams, so that the cost of living was three or four times as high as at present. Now a miner who can take out two or three dollars a day from the gravel is doing well. Not only are old gulches and bars being worked, but prospecting goes on vigorously with new discoveries. Our picture on this page gives scenes in a placer camp in Northern Idaho, showing miners' cabins, a baker's delivery outfit and a group of miners engaged in shoveling gold-bearing gravel into a sluice box.

A Tacoma Girl Goes Skating.

A correspondent of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* writes from Tacoma: A North End society belle figured as heroine of a curious episode last Sunday. Two young men of the neighborhood were on their way to Old Town to have a couple of hours' sport salmon-trotting, and seeing her at one of the windows they called her to the door and jokingly invited her to join them. She took them at their word and accepted. The weather was fine and everything pleasant as they plied up and down the harbor, but the silver salmon was not responsive and the catch was nil. It was then proposed that the young lady take the line, but it proved in vain. Then one of the young men remarking that his satanic majesty was said to bait the hooks for Sunday fishermen, unseen to the others he slipped a sounding lead on the line and threw it over. All went well for a while, when all of a sudden the young woman said with a voice that had a lot of determination, "I think I've got a whale on." She arose and, bracing herself on both sides of the boat, began to haul in. At times she had to exert all her strength, but she refused to be relieved. Expectation was rife as to what she had hooked, but a snag was expected on account of the seemingly dead weight. The mystery was solved as soon as fifty fathoms of line had been drawn in, for there on the hook was a finny monster, a huge skatefish. He was gaffed by one of the young men and hauled into the boat with some difficulty. It was taken ashore and placed upon a scale at Cushing's mill, registering twenty-seven pounds. The heroine, although much elated with her prowess, for she had quite a reputation as a sportswoman, exacted a promise of her companions that they would never betray the secret of her Sunday fishing, and showed some solicitude in getting home in time, as she said, "for morning service."

He Was no Bird.

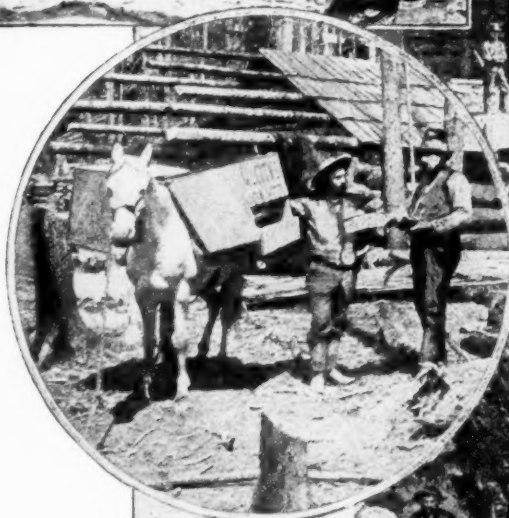
He had a tired and chilly feeling that a warm meal might have alleviated, but four fingers of whiskey would have dethroned. He stood around the *Chronicle's* composing room like one who was anxious to again taste food and was willing to work for the privilege of doing so. Finally, he modestly and meekly inquired for work

and stated that several meal hours had passed without his benign presence at the board. Could he get work enough to get a meal? Yes, he could do better than that. He could have enough work to pay for several meals and lodgings besides. How thankful he appeared as he threw off his coat, grabbed a handful of type and proceeded to place the leaden messengers in their respective boxes. At dinner time he gently inquired if he could have enough of his earnings to purchase a meal. This he was granted and in a few

graduate from one of the largest offices in the East, had in one short hour made a hard day's work for a good man. He had failed to recognize the difference between capitals, small caps and lower-case. Whole lines had been slid into one box, and while this facilitated matters as far as he was concerned it had an entirely different effect upon the intelligent compositor. He swore until the steam in the radiators had to be shut off and the fires in the boilers banked. And murder was only obviated by the dispatch in which the tourist "hit the ties" on his way east to play



Miners' Cabins.



Miners' Bakery.



PLACER MINING.

SCENES IN A NEW PLACER CAMP IN NORTHERN IDAHO.

minutes he was outside of the largest two-bit dinner that has ever been eaten outside of a threshing crew. Then he sauntered back to the office, there to be confronted by the foreman. "What shall I fly into next?" inquired the typographical tourist, as he hastily unburdened himself of his outside garment. "Fly into your coat, and be quick about it," replied the indignant foreman, "or I will kick you across the street into the blacksmith shop where you belong."

The typographical artist who claimed to be a

It upon some other sympathetic and susceptible publisher. Let us hope that he has attempted to work for George Wright and that his body is now floating eastward upon the icy waters of the Yellowstone.—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.*

A Western paper once published something about somebody which made the latter mad. On seeing a lawyer, to know how he could break up the paper, he was advised to buy the paper and run it himself for about six months.

OF INTEREST TO SETTLERS.

Morton County, North Dakota.

This county, lying along the western side of the Missouri River, offers many inducements to settlers who want to go into sheep, horses or cattle, with a limited cultivation of small grains. The climate is very healthful and the country attractive in its general appearance, being a combination of prairies and ranges of picturesque trees whose sides are seamed with coal and whose tops are capped with sandstone ledges.

What a Dakota Doctor Says:

To talk about the health of North Dakota and Minnesota is very much like talking about the whiteness of the snow, the wetness of the water, or the warmth of the fire. Why, we live well, our tables are spread with earth's staple products, we have the best of health. We offer the Eastern man the clearest and purest air that God has made. We invite him to no death-dealing miasmatic swamps, where the stork and bittern and frog chat at the ill-starred vapors that arise from the rushes in which they dwell. We invite him instead to a wide, open country, where water and air are of the purest, where we can smell no odors arising from a soaked earth, but where the land is well watered and drained by girling streams which carry them life and health—eternal foes of death and stagnation. I would rather have the two-acre corner of a Michigan or Indiana swamp to practice medicine in than a whole county in the Dakotas, Minnesota or Montana.

Oregon Needs Population.

What rapid immigration could do for Oregon was illustrated by Mr. F. J. Atwood, of Omaha, who was interviewed by a Portland *Telegram* reporter recently:

"If you could only start such an influx of people to Oregon as came to Nebraska between 1883 and 1888 you would soon have 1,400,000 people here instead of 400,000. I well remember when Nebraska did not have over 250,000 inhabitants, and we thought we were doing very well. Suddenly a wave of immigration seemed to roll in upon us, and our barren prairies became subdivided into farms, villages were started at every cross-road, small towns became cities, and railroads were built in all directions. This kept up until we reached and passed the million limit, and had not drouths and hard times come on in another wave we would now boast of over 2,000,000 population.

"My point is this: Oregon is way ahead of Nebraska in resources, variety of products and diversity of climate. Where Nebraska supports one man in creditable shape, Oregon can support two. The valley of your big river, watered by abundant rains, and Eastern Oregon, made to blossom by irrigation, have a capacity of holding, without crowding, 5,000,000 people. All you require is to get myriads of farmers in the Central West and East to appreciate the opportunity here, and they will come. But one thing more: There should be ready an abundance of reliable information, regulated by State statutes, telling them where they can get good homes and make an honest living. I speak frankly when I say that more injury has been done by men coming back to Nebraska, Kansas and Iowa, who were sadly disappointed and inhospitably received, than by any other influence. Their stories are gladly printed in the home papers, and families about to move conclude to stay where they are."

Western Washington.

Certainly the State needs settlers. Our cities need farming communities around them. All the land between the Cascades and the Sound,

all that splendid valley in Southwestern Washington between the Cascades and the coast range, all that rich region lying southwest and north of the Olympics, all the islands on the Sound—ought to be filled with settlers. There is, at a low estimate, 5,000,000 acres of arable land in Western Washington. Much of it is of the highest fertility and all of it is of good quality. It is noteworthy that such old settled States as Connecticut, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, South Carolina, Vermont and West Virginia have less land under cultivation than might be profitably cultivated in Western Washington. Vermont has about three-fifths the area in improved farms which might be cultivated in Western Washington. The value of the farm products of Vermont in 1890 was \$22,000,000. At the same rate per acre Western Washington, if all its arable land was utilized, would produce crops to the value of \$36,000,000. But the average fertility of Western Washington is higher than that of Vermont, and owing to the length of the season and the milder temperature much more can be raised from an acre than in the New England States. What difference these two considerations would make we do not know, but we are satisfied that to put the approximate value of the crop of Western Washington, if all its arable land was utilized, at \$50,000,000, is to keep well within the mark. This is only \$10 an acre, and most people will think that much too low an average; but of course this includes land in pasture as well as land in crop. These figures help us to form some idea of what we may expect in Western Washington when the settlement of its farming lands has made the progress which it is reasonable to look for.—*Seattle Telegraph*.

A Garden Spot.

North of and directly tributary to Hoquiam is one of the finest and largest tracts of agricultural land in the State of Washington. Referring to the map it will be seen that this large area is enclosed between the Olympic Mountains on the east and north and the Pacific Ocean on the west, seventy-five miles in length by twelve to twenty in width, and easily accessible only by the way of Hoquiam. It abounds in streams flowing into the harbor and the Pacific, and through bottoms of great productiveness and fertility. The Hump-tulips River has its headwaters arising in the mountains amongst timber of the finest quality. The highlands, freed of timber, are of great farming value. Crops of the most diversified kinds, from cereals to roots, and fruits to hops, can be raised in abundance on these lands. The land is very rich in character, as only Washington bottom lands can be. These lands, destined to be the garden and granary of the city of Hoquiam, are sufficient in extent to support a population of 50,000 people. The bottom lands are covered for the most part with a light growth of vine maple and alder, easily cleared. A few acres will support a family in comfort. At present there is a good demand for the products of this fertile region, and high prices can always be obtained. The growth of the State has been and is so rapid that it has exceeded its agricultural development; and there is therefore good reason to believe that settlers in this region will for some years to come find a highly profitable market for their products.—*Washingtonian*.

Possibilities of Washington's Fisheries.

Not the least among the great natural resources which go to make the Pacific Northwest one of the most promising portions of the United States to-day, is our fisheries. Like the remainder of our great advantages, however, it requires time, a careful study of the situation and capital to bring out its possibilities, and in the desire to acquire sudden wealth, capital has been turned

into other channels, which in the end prove less fruitful, though promising quicker returns at the time. However, these conditions will not always last, and already the various railway lines have commenced encouraging the industry by offering reduced rates of transportation eastward, with prospects of building up a business that shall be second only to the lumber and shingle traffic. The Great Northern, last week, carried eastward a solid trainload of canned salmon from Liverpool, B. C., for the London market, while from John A. Matheson's cod-curing establishment at Anacortes, large shipments are being made to New York, Boston, West Indies and South America. The very fact of shipping cod to New York and Boston, the home of the New England fishermen, demonstrates the possibilities of the industry as nothing else could. The fish are caught in Bering Sea during the fishing season, and cleaned and salted on board. When a cargo has been secured they are brought to the curing works and dried in the sun until ready for shipping, the pickled fish being soaked in tanks of brine for a month or so. The rate to Boston is \$1.02 and to New York \$1.00, and the cured fish are laid down there as cheaply as it is possible for New England curing plants to handle the catch of the Atlantic Coast.

The cod fisheries, however, are not alone in offering a profitable outlet for capital; similar good results could be obtained from curing and and shipping halibut, while with satisfactory rates and careful handling the shipment of fresh fish can be made of great importance, and will undoubtedly become so in the near future. At the present time but three salmon canneries are operating on the Sound, and the pack will reach less than 100,000 cases this season, but this amount will be greatly increased in future, and with these fish offering on our wharves at as low as five cents apiece, their curing ought to prove lucrative.—*West Coast (Tacoma) Trade*.

Scrub Land.

In many districts in Manitoba there are considerable portions of land that have evidently, at no distant date, been covered by forests of oak. The roots of the old trees still remain in the earth, comparatively sound and still alive. These continue to send up sprouts that in some cases, form vigorous little trees, and no matter how small they may be the ancient character is shown by the cluster of acorns that appear on the bushes. Ground that is covered by this oak scrub is most difficult to clear so that it can be plowed, as the roots below are much more solid than might be expected from the few small trees that appear growing above the surface. Although fires may occasionally kill the young growth, the old roots possess sufficient vitality to send up new shoots as often as the fire runs over the ground to destroy what is growing. The soil on such scrub land is usually of good quality and when the roots can be grubbed yields excellent crops. The wood of the young oaks that grow from the old roots is the hardest of all timber and when dry is most difficult to either break or split and would, when large enough, make most excellent handles for carpenters' tools. What is known as second-growth wood is always exceedingly hard, if the parent tree has been of the proper kind, and owing to the plentiful supply of sap that is forced into the young trees from the numerous live roots of those that have been removed, the growth is most vigorous. The wood is hard, heavy, solid and white in color, and when made into any article can be distinguished from other wood by the large rings or growths that appear. Trees that grow in open ground, away from other trees, are always more solid than trees found in the thick forest. This rule applies to hickory, oak, maple, ash and birch. Evergreen trees do not throw up shoots from the root and are al-

ways injured by trimming. The forest trees most ready to spring from the root are the ash, the basswood and the birch. Beech, maple, oak, elm and ironwood only occasionally send up new growths. In the East the oak seldom springs from the root, but in the rich, loose earth of this country the case is different, and sprouting oak roots can be discovered on large tracts of country and especially on hilly ground. The Icelanders who occupy farms on the ranges of hills south of the Assiniboine River have many fields cleared of the old oak stumps, and the huge, shapeless, warty looking roots form large piles around the ground that has been reclaimed. On the experimental farm at Brandon some fields have been cleared of the old oak roots that formerly encumbered the ground, and fruit trees have been planted in the space.—*Pilot Mound Sentinel*.

The Magic of Water.

A visit to the Sunnyside district, below North Yakima, impresses me strongly with the importance and value of reclaiming the arid lands of the State, writes S. B. Pettengill to the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. I visited one farm under the Sunnyside canal which will turn off this year more than \$30,000 worth of products, more than two-thirds of which is net profit. On this farm were eighty acres of hops, seventy-five acres of corn, some wheat, oats and barley and alfalfa, but no fruit. There were also 100 hogs. It was refreshing to meet a man who had no occasion to talk about hard times. The same air of prosperity spread over the entire settlement of the Yakima Valley. The hops had yielded well, as they always do on those lands, and were selling at nineteen cents a pound when I was there, the last day of September. All crops except peaches had done well and the people were cheerful and contented. The condition of the valley was reflected in the town of North Yakima, where houses for residence and business are in great demand and several brick buildings are going up. Instead of stagnation there were the life and stir of a growing community. And yet it had been an exceptionally inclement year. A late spring followed an unusually cold winter. The summer had been unusually cool, but no crops except peaches had failed to yield the customary product. The lice had done no injury to the hops, an assurance that the climate of the valley is a sure protection against them. No previous season had offered so conclusive evidence that this dry, hot climate will not permit them to ravage the vines. A great variety of crops have been cultivated with unvarying success for more than twenty years, and it is now settled beyond doubt or apprehension that agriculture in its most diversified forms may be prosecuted with large profits by irrigation throughout this great valley and afford support to a dense population. While there are several large ranches the tendency is, as it everywhere is under irrigation, to small farms and a close settlement of the people, and consequently improved social conditions. Rural life is thus relieved of its loneliness which so oppresses the women especially. Neighbors are not located by the cheerful smoke arising in a distant horizon, but live within a call of each other. The density of population makes the land more valuable also, as it is in the suburbs of a city. The social as well as the economic outcome of irrigation is attracting attention, as it

deserves to do; for the Southern California settlement and other reclaimed wastes give the assurance that the high social, educational, religious and political advantages of the old New England town system are to be repeated throughout arid America.

At the present time, and on account of the general condition of this State and the Union, I look upon the Yakima Valley as the land of best and most immediate promise for us as a State. It is on the railroad, which gives it a good outlet to markets east and west, and is of capable supplying the great commercial, manufacturing and maritime interests on Puget Sound, the wheat belt of Eastern Washington, and the mining districts of the Northwest with the agricultural products which are now obtained largely from distant States. The reclamation and settlement of this valley and other irrigable sections of the State are matters of public interest which should be made prominent and encouraged at this time. It is the most available form of development we now have. The Sunnyside canal is completed to cover about 75,000 acres of choice land. With

as capital. It is a time when the State should put its best foot foremost. Public attention should be directed by the press of the State to the most available opportunities for settlement. We should offer our strongest attractions to immigrants. At this time wide attention is turned to agriculture. The old abandoned farms of New England are being reoccupied by people who are crowded out of the town and cities. The pressing question with great numbers, after every such strain as the country has suffered this year, is that of a home and daily food, and then many return to the land, the mother earth, for their living. It is this tendency of population that concerted action should be taken in this State to turn hither, and I cannot help regarding it as a great timely public advantage that so large an area of inviting land is open to settlement in the Yakima Valley.

It was not my intention in this writing to advertise any particular portion of this valley. It is all good so far as reclaimed, and wherever water is supplied profitable crops are certain. The whole section is very favorably situated with



VIEW ON SUNNYSIDE CANAL, YAKIMA COUNTY, WASHINGTON.

about forty acres for each family, which is more than the average will be, where the whole tract is occupied, there is an opportunity under this canal for more than 10,000 people to engage in diversified farming and intensive farming. This is immediately available, and besides there are many other and large opportunities for settlement under other canals and artesian wells in the valley. A moment's reflection will show what such an addition of self-supporting and money-making people would mean to all interests in the State—that it would stimulate all branches of trade, increase the demand for lumber and coal, and in a short time, by furnishing meats, fruits, vegetables, butter and eggs, result in keeping in the State the money that now goes out of it for such supplies. The State will not begin to accumulate money until this and other portions of it are developed so that it can be in a great measure self-supporting. As soon as that point is in a fair degree realized our great resources of raw material, such as lumber, coal and other minerals, our maritime interests, including fisheries, will yield us vast amounts of money which will stay with us

reference to markets and transportation, and susceptible of highly varied and profitable cultivation, which will not exhaust, but rather improve the land, so that it will be growing better and more valuable every year. Here the farmer may regulate the growth of his crops by control of the water and in a true sense be lord of his own acres, few or many. I think no intelligent man could go through this valley and see how it may be transformed by irrigation, how inviting a large portion of it now is to the land-hungry of this and other States, without recognizing the public value of the Sunnyside canal, which has been carried to completion since it became difficult to obtain money for schemes of development in the West. It is only just that Mr. Paul Schulze should be named in this connection as the organizing and directing head of this great enterprise, the largest and most valuable public improvement, next to the railroads, ever accomplished in the State. At the present price of the land it redeems it has added \$4,000,000 to the commonwealth, though this is a small part of the value its settlement will create.

HUNTING MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

The following graphic account of hunting mountain sheep on the slopes of the Cascades, near the Okonagan Valley, is from Clarence E. Edward's "Camp Fires of a Naturalist," recently published by D. Appleton & Co., New York:

Dyche's disappointment did not prevent an early start next morning, and it was still early when he reached the spot where the bucks had deceived him. After climbing over the mountains for some time he reached a semicircular ridge, opening to the south, through the centre of which ran an intersecting ridge, terminating in a jutting crag of bare rocks. The top of this ridge was bare and rocky, while short and thick bunch-grass grew on the sides of the slopes leading down to the central amphitheatre, towards the woods. From the dense growth of timber to the south of this horseshoe-shaped inclosure there was a gravelly hill leading towards the central ridge which divided the amphitheatre into two parks. The three jutting spurs at the ends of the side and central crags were a quarter of a mile apart, while from the central crag to the back of the ridge it was fully half a mile.

Dyche had worked his way up the mountain and it was noon when he reached the top of the ridge. Crawling carefully to the top, he examined the country thoroughly before showing himself. As nothing living was visible, he crossed the ridge and sat down on the south side, overlooking the central portion, and began eating his lunch. While thus fully exposed to anything coming from the south, he saw a big ram walking from the woods up the gravelly hill to the crag at the end of the central ridge. Dyche knew that if he so much as moved his hand or foot he would be seen by the keen-eyed animal. He thought rapidly now, for it was a case of no sheep if he moved and perhaps no sheep if he did not move. The ram reached the crag, and after gazing at the country for a while began feeding towards the spot where the naturalist lay.

Dyche saw that his only possible chance would be to sit perfectly still until the old fellow got close enough and then shoot him. The ram was wild and had evidently been hunted before. He would not take time to graze, but would snatch a mouthful of grass and then raise his head high in the air and look about while he chewed it. He continued slowly towards Dyche, but the naturalist's clothing was of a color that was undistinguishable from the rock and earth upon which he lay, and he was not seen. The ram fed towards him some fifty yards, and just as he was beginning to congratulate himself on the success of his plan the animal suddenly pawed the earth a little and lay down, facing towards the naturalist. There he contentedly chewed his cud, while Dyche hardly dared to breathe for fear he might be seen.

Minute after minute passed and the sun slowly crawled towards the western horizon. At last the sheep got up and shook himself, and Dyche felt that he would now surely come on along the ridge, but in this he was again disappointed, for the sheep began to feed again, but edged around the base of the crag towards the woods from which he had come. The naturalist saw that if he was to secure that sheep he must do something very soon, or it would be too dark to see to shoot. Timing the ram, Dyche would give himself a shove with his heels every time the sheep's head went down after a mouthful of grass. Then drawing his gun up he would wait for another mouthful and give himself another shove. In

this manner he covered the few feet between himself and the top of the ridge in half an hour and gradually worked himself over. As soon as he was confident that he was out of sight of the animal, he made his way along the eastern spur of the ridge to the southern end. Making his way carefully to the top he peered over and saw that the ram was still there, but fully a quarter of a mile away.

Retracing his steps, Dyche made his way clear around to the south end of the western ridge, but he was still as far from his game as ever, and he could see no way of getting closer without exposing his body. He now went to the spot where he had first gone over the ridge, and waited, hoping the ram would come towards him, but he soon saw that the animal was going towards the timber. The sun was now almost down, and the naturalist saw that what was to be done must be done quickly, and he concluded to make a des-

wards the timber. A hasty shot and the animal was seen to falter, but quickly gathering itself together it went on. Another quick shot and the ram disappeared around the edge of the crag. Dyche ran to the end of the ridge, where he had a clear view of the slope leading to the woods, but not a sign of the ram was to be seen. A search along the edge of the ridge showed the old fellow standing about seventy-five yards below, apparently hard hit. Dyche's gun was at his shoulder almost instinctively, but the shot was not fired, for the sheep gave a lurch forwards and went tumbling down the side of the mountain. Hurrying after him, Dyche found a magnificent specimen and hastened to take advantage of the fading light to make anatomical notes and measurements. He found the eyes, which the books describe as being brown or dark hazel, were of a straw color with a slight mottling of hazel near the edges.

Darkness put a stop to the examination.

There was neither wood nor water near or Dyche would undoubtedly have camped near his first big-horn. An hour was spent in finding his shoes and hat, and eight o'clock was past when the naturalist reached camp. A hot supper was waiting for him, and while discussing it the hunter told of his adventure.

Every one was up bright and early next morning. The doctor went south, while Dyche saddled Billy and went after his sheep. Two hours were spent in measuring and skinning the animal, and by one o'clock the skin, skeleton, and most of the meat were in the camp.

The doctor arrived from an unsuccessful hunt in time for dinner. The sheepsteaks proved that the flesh of the big-horn is the finest game meat in existence. Dyche lived for weeks on the flesh without having it pall upon him, which shows that it is different from any other venison. The meat was tender and juicy, having only a slight mutton flavor, while the fat, or tallow, would not harden, but formed a granular mass, except in the coldest weather.

The afternoon was spent in preparing the skin for preservation, which was a simple operation. All particles of flesh and fat were first thoroughly removed from every part of the skin to the hoofs, and then a thin-bladed knife slipped between the hoof and bone. The ears and nose were cleaned of fascia and cartilage. Four parts of salt and one of alum were placed in water, and the whole was boiled until a strong brine was made, which was allowed to cool. An excavation was made in the ground eighteen inches in diameter and six inches deep, and into this a part of the skin free from bullet-holes was pushed, forming a cup, into which was poured the

milk-warm brine. Then the whole skin was thoroughly wetted with a small sponge. The head and feet were then placed in the vat and the whole skin thoroughly saturated with the brine and left to soak for six hours, when the operation was repeated. When this soaking was finished the skin was hung in a shady place to dry, care being taken to turn out the edges frequently. At the end of a few days the skin was dry and ready for packing. It was folded and sewed in a burlap bag marked with a label showing a number which corresponded with the number of the description in the note-book. Each bone was also marked with a similar number and the specimen was ready for the storeroom. This same process was gone through with in every case where the skin was preserved.

A general discussion on sheep was started the evening before the Denver gentlemen left for



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perate effort to get that sheep. Divesting himself of his shoes, hat and hatchet, he hurried back along the western ridge of the southern spur. When the ram would reach down for a mouthful of grass Dyche would crawl along, as rapidly as possible, down the side of the ridge into the little park between the two ridges. He took advantage of every rock and hole in the ground, and in this way reached the foot of the central ridge in about fifteen minutes, while the ram was feeding just over the crest and out of sight.

Now came a series of movements between gliding and crawling towards the top. Dyche had marked the spot where the ram was feeding and worked his way to it, getting closer and closer to the place where the ram had last been seen. Just as he was working to the top of the ridge he heard a scrambling noise on the other side. Springing to his feet, with his gun forward and ready, he saw the ram going at full speed to-

home, when the judge asked if it was necessary to travel away up into the British-Columbian mountains to get sheep.

"No," said Dyebe. "Sheep range from New Mexico to British Columbia, and may even be found as far north as Alaska. They are seen east as far as the Black Hills and range west to the Pacific Ocean. They live, however, only in such localities in the prescribed territory as best suit their habits. At present they are confined to a few favored localities in the highest and roughest parts of the Rockies. But I learn that the skin and head hunters are fast thinning them out. It is only possible now to find stragglers, and these will soon be gone."

"How is it that your sheep are so much darker than mine?" asked the judge.

"The color is difficult of description, as it varies so much in individual specimens. Some are very light grayish-brown, or light rufous gray, while others are very dark. All the intermediate shades from light rufous ash to dark chestnut are to be seen in one band. There is always a dingy white patch on the rump, like that of the elk or antelope."

"Well, there is one thing that I can't quite understand, and that is why we don't see any ewes or lambs," said the doctor. "Here we have been hunting for several days and have seen nothing but bands of old rams. It looks as if all the females had left the country or stayed in the thick woods."

"During the summer and autumn the rams range together on certain mountains, while the ewes and lambs are in separate bands on some other range, where they stay until late in the fall. You will find that there are plenty of ewes and lambs within fifteen or twenty miles of these mountains. Not over half of the ewes have lambs following them. I have tried to find the reason for this, but have not been able to satisfactorily account for it. Among the theories of the old hunters the most tenable is that the lambs fall victims to their natural enemies, such as eagles, wolverines and wolves."

"Do the sheep remain constantly above timberline?"

"They seem to like the high crags and mountain-tops. They grow very fat on the short, thick bunch-grass that grows on the slopes and coves on the mountain side. The high ground affords them the opportunity to watch for their enemies. When disturbed they always break down the side of the mountain for the woods, but usually keep going until they reach another range of high mountains, though it may be miles away."

"Ewes and lambs do not range on the high mountains, at least while the lambs are small, but remain lower down near the edge of timberline. Certain alkali spots on the side of the mountains are great places of resort for the sheep, and they go there as frequently as deer do to a salt-lick. The lambs are born in the latter part of May or the first of June."

"There is one thing that always seemed a myth to me," said the judge, "and that is the stories we hear about the fearful leaps rams make down precipices, where they are said to alight on their horns and rebound to their feet, thus saving their legs from the terrible shock. I never believed there was any truth in such stories."

"Well, as usual, your judgment is correct. Those stories are all myths evolved from the fertile brains of those men who do their hunting by the fireside of some ranch in the mountains. Take a man who comes to a place like Thorp's ranch and shows the people that he is a 'tenderfoot' and is going to write a book, and they will fill him up with more stories of adventure than a hunter can find in a lifetime. It you will watch an old ram going down a mountain, you will see that he does not jump down steep places, but is

as careful as a dog about where he puts his feet. He will feel his way down, slip and slide, keeping a firm foot-hold all the time, and never jumps any more than any other animal which ranges the mountains. I suppose that the imagination of some book hunter made the fearful leaps out of the battered condition of the horns. He possibly could not understand why nature wanted to put such horns on an animal, and not knowing that the horns had been battered up by fighting, he imagined that it was done when the animal jumped and struck on its head.

"The horns of the males are of immense size, but the ewes and the lambs have small ones. Now, the females and lambs have to jump and go where the rams do, and if they jumped and struck on their horns they would have a sorry time of it. The horns of the males vary from twelve to eighteen inches at the base, and a cross-section shows that they are all triangular in shape. The horns and skull of the largest sheep I ever saw weighed, when thoroughly dry, twenty-eight pounds. The horns of the largest males average from thirty to forty inches in length, while those of the ewes are rarely twelve inches long."

AN ICE MINE.

An "ice mine" is reported from New York Gulch, Meagher County, Montana. In early days the gulch turned out \$2,000,000 worth of gold, but of late years it has been nearly deserted. Last summer two prospectors uncovered the mouth of an old shaft and glanced curiously down it. They saw the ice, which reached up to within four feet and eight inches of the surface. They considered it curious, and thought what a good place it would be to keep their meat, butter and other food from spoiling while they were working in the neighborhood. They lowered their provender into the ice mine with the best results. Naturally they told of their find to other miners with the result that for a radius of three or four miles around the miners came to the ice shaft, lowered the beef and other provisions into the mine, putting their 'tag on it, and hoisting the rope from time to time as provisions were needed. It is a godsend to the miners, as it enables them to keep meat fresh in the very hottest weather. The miners are unable to give any solution to this strange phenomenon. The formation of the gulch is shale, reddish in color, and full of fissures. It is supposed that gusts of air from cold caves may have underground connections with the shaft, and rapid evaporation near the top may explain the continued formation of ice there as it is cut away.

A FRUGAL CANINE THIEF.

George S. Kenward has unlimited faith in the sagacity of dogs. The other day, he says, a large Newfoundland wandered into a meat market on Second Avenue. The animal first satisfied himself that nobody was looking, and quietly abstracted a bologna sausage from the show window. Then with a nonchalant strut he wandered across the street and buried it on a vacant lot.

Mr. Kenward and several other parties secreted themselves and watched the dog's operations. He would walk leisurely past the market and look in. If the occupants were not looking in the direction of the front door he would dash in, seize a bologna, cross the street and cache it. This was repeated three times, when the thief discovered that he was observed and fled. Search revealed six large sausages stowed away for future emergencies. An old colored man who was present, advanced the theory that the dog's conduct was a sure sign of hard times this winter.

"Take my advice," he said, "an' put padlocks on yo' chicken house doahs, for dar'll be er pow'ful sight of misdemeanorin' gwine on, sho'."

—*Spokane Review.*

WOLF HUNTING IN NORTH DAKOTA.

The riders stop short, the dogs were close behind, the boulder moved! It ran!

"By Jove, it's one!" And with a yell, which affected the dogs much as powder does a bullet, Morris dug the spurs into his buzzard-head. At the start they were a hundred yards from the wolf, with a deep, alkaline draw to cross about half-way.

Morris led at the start, with Mrs. T. a length behind and T. a gaining third.

The coyote's first effort was a maddening little canter, which, by the way it covered the ground, made them think of the jack-rabbit, and told a tale of what he could do when pushed.

Spy seem a brown streak hardly distinguishable from the grass, and with no motion except that of a railroad train at full speed—straight ahead. Mud gave evidence of legs and was fifty feet behind. Black Jack brought up the rear.

They rode hard; the dogs are in the draw; the dogs are out; down they go; the horses hate to cross what looks like light, weird snow with sickly grass growing through it. They know it well—slip, cloughp, cloughp. They were over it; T.'s horse stumbles. "I've lost my revolver." "Let it go. Yough! yough!" yelled Morris as they reached the level. The coyote is working, the dogs gaining fast, the horses *ventre a terre*.

The madame, like the others, sits a trifle forward, elbows keeping time to the stride, muscles loose—true cowboy style. There goes her hat. Where has Spy concealed his wings all this time? "Yough! yough!" what a throat that man has! Spy is gaining. What an open stretch for a run. Not a moment of the fun lost! Spy has him! only a nip; Spy has him again! now he has thrown him! They are rolling together; ride harder, harder! What a fight! Mud has him by the throat. Spy holds to the hindleg; he is stretched. Morris is up and off; T. is off; the madame arrives.

"Oh, Mr. Morris, shoot him; the dogs are so tired, and he has bitten a hole in Spy's head—look! in his leg, too—please shoot him!"

"They had better finish it up." Morris stood looking on, his thumbs in his belt. "It will give them confidence; teach them to take hold." The wolf has tried to turn inside out of his skin and bite Mud, who still held its throat, but it was a weak attempt and the fight was nearly over.—*Patty M. Selmes, in Outing.*

CAPT. BARR TALKS ABOUT ALASKA.

Capt. J. C. Barr, of Minneapolis, has returned to Seattle from a journey to the interior of Alaska. He went to the gold district, 1,600 miles up the Yukon River, on the seventh of June, and found that rich discoveries had been made in Miller Creek, which empties into Forty Mile Creek about seventy miles from the Yukon. Four different placer claims were being worked and were averaging 126 ounces of gold a week—a big yield. It's only possible to work about ninety days in the year up there on account of the cold. The only drawback is the climate. The ground is constantly frozen to such a depth that the pay streak, to make the mine a paying one, must lie quite near the surface. The ground never wholly thaws out. The indications were excellent for gold-bearing quartz. Last year \$65,000 was taken out of four claims. This year it is estimated the yield will reach \$250,000. Alaska has mineral resources that are not yet dreamed of. The Yukon is a wonderful river. Think of the magnitude of a country which has a river in it navigable for 2,000 miles, and having fine tributaries, one of these navigable for 1,000. It is full of salmon. In fact there are more salmon in the Yukon than there are in the Columbia. For game the country is full of ptarmigan, arctic hare, caribou and moose.

A PRE-EMPTER'S CHRISTMAS

BY L. E. M. SMITH.

Whether this is a kitchen or a school-room would be a difficult matter for the uninitiated to determine, for in the surroundings are discernible a little of both and a mingling of the two. There is a master, also a mistress, but, that each presides over a different department is apparent to the most casual observer.

From the rough rafters of the low roof hang a variety of things, the most ornamental of which are ears of corn, both yellow and red; besides which are twists of rye straw, bunches of herbs, bags of dried fruits, such as plums and sand cherries; bags of beans—in fact, everything that can be bagged, including a brace of prairie chickens. A fitch of bacon just over the master's desk luckily and most miraculously escapes contact with his head, while an old, rusty scythe suspended from two unreliable looking nails, hangs threateningly over the one bench on which are seated the five pupils constituting this district school.

The walls of this room are of sod plastered with clay. Two small, deeply-sunken windows afford on their ample ledges sufficient room for various articles of domestic use and ornamentation. On one window seat, basking in the sunshine, is a large cat and some thriving geraniums, and the other window ledge is crowded with a conglomeration of things, from a lamp and a comb to a hat and a lump of tallow. But the most convenient of all shelves is the space on top of the walls just under the rafters. The liveliest object thereon at the present time, a tame rabbit, hops around very trustingly among the cooking utensils. The room just described is quite large and affords full scope for the two departments of the establishment, which are now in full blast.

The master at his end of the room presides with dignity at a rather undignified and unsteady looking desk which is only a soap box raised to that position by means of four slender sticks. He raps on his desk to attract the wandering attention of the school, which is as attentive, however, as existing circumstances will permit. But who could endure unflinchingly the sights that are to be seen and the fragrant smells that are being reproduced in the culinary department of that room!

Mrs. Brown, the mistress of the kitchen, is in the midst of her day-before-Christmas baking. Until to-day, not since they had left their home "back East" had the good woman been able to bake those delicacies that required the juxtaposition of eggs and sugar. The result of this new departure is a busy cook and a demoralized school, not to mention some astonished mice that are frisking out of their holes in the walls and scampering back again, not knowing what to make of that unwonted fragrance that fills the air. The teacher, too, a hungry-looking city-bred young man, is not stomach-proof against these odorous influences. He has so long been fed on bacon, squash and potatoes, and very often on squash without the accompaniment of either bacon or potatoes, that now when he is reminded of the existence of other varieties of food he is hardly able to withstand the paralyzing effect of such poignant reminders of the past.

"Johnny! smell cake—I mean, spell *make*," shouted the teacher as Mrs. Brown slammed the oven door after taking out her first cake. Johnny paid no attention; he was oblivious to everything except the existence of the cake pan. Would the cat get to lick that pan before he had a chance at it? and sweet memories of other cake pans "back East" crowded on his young mind. How thoroughly he used to clean out the batter in that very same pan, and—, but the teacher's voice

sternly repeating his name brings him back with a start and a deep-drawn sigh to the realities of life.

"What shall I do with such a boy!" exclaimed the teacher severely, trying to keep from smiling.

"Give 'im a lickin'," calmly suggested Johnny's mother as she began to beat some eggs. "He's used to it, an' it'll do 'im good," she added philosophically as she poured some molasses into the pan.

"I do not think that is what he is suffering for most," remarked the teacher, who was only half succeeding in suppressing a broad smile that had been gradually taking possession of his countenance since perceiving the objective point of Johnny's great interest.

Johnny did not succeed in spelling his word correctly and was told to "go foot," which he did with alacrity and a smile of hope, for it brought him to the end of the bench next to the table. Here he lost no time in getting possession of the cake pan, which he rescued from the claws of the cat and placed it under his end of the bench, forming for it with his chubby legs a barricade against both dog and cat.

"Maggie!—Tom!—Jim!—study your lessons!"

But Jim, Tom, and in fact the entire school could not keep their eyes off of Don, the dog. Don had gotten hold of a hot cruller that the cook had dropped on the way from the kettle to plate, and while he struggled with his prize, the children could hear the sizzling of the crisp, hot crull as Don munched it with great gusto though considerable caution. This cruller and other things of a like character being considered, there was not much prospect of having even a half-session on this day before Christmas. The teacher with a last effort was himself trying to brace up against the demoralizing influences at work in that room, when Mrs. Brown opened the oven door and drew out a pan of roast beef done to a crisp, and also to the hour, for noon-time was indicated by the way the sun came through the south window. The young man's unstrung nerves could ill stand this last great shock—the fragrance and the sight of roast beef. He found that he was about to lose his equilibrium and his dignity simultaneously, for the two-legged stool upon which he sat was toppling over. Regaining, however, his presence of mind and balance about the same time, he announced that there would be no more school for that day.

As the three pupils belonging to a couple of other families in that district went whooping and racing across the prairies to their respective homes, Maggie and Johnny found congenial employment in the kitchen.

"Well, Mr. Owen," remarked Mrs. Brown as she was trying the vegetables to see if they were done, "I'm honest glad you've given them children a half holerday, for they air so all-fired crazy 'bout Christmas, you couldn't get no lessons out them no ways. I never seed nothin' like they way they took on this blessed mornin'! Now, if you'll lift this 'ere boiler 'o'en the stove an' jest fill it up with more hay, we'll git dinner ready an' on ther table agin my old man gits home."

"Be durned if I ain't got back afore I reckoned. I 'spect yer didn't look fur me afore night, hey? This is somethin' like it, this dinner is! Blarst me! ef it don't smell like them dinners we useter have back East! Come, teacher! take a hand here with these ere boxes. Put yore box there. Now let's fall to. I'm powerful hungry! Pitch in, teacher!" Thus rattled on the hearty settler after his ride of twenty miles from the nearest town.

"I'll be swarned ef yer hain't got steer fur dinner!" exclaimed Mr. Brown in great surprise when he discovered what he was eating.

"Yes, John," replied his wife; "Bill Jones' yearling ran inter Pete Smith's wire fence and hurted itself so bad it had ter be shot on the spot. Pete was willin' ter trade fur the beef in pertatoes, an' so I got full an' plenty fur our Christmas dinner an' cooked some ter day, as ther teacher's got a big walk afore him."

"Air yer goin' to-day, Mr. Teacher?" asked the old settler in surprise.

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Owen; "I can't avoid going. I have not been on my claim for a week now, and necessarily must be there to-morrow at the latest. As it is, I'm afraid I shall not be able to prove up all right at the end of the six months. The laws are more rigid now than they were formerly; they require six months' continuous residence on a pre-emption."

"Yer don't say!" ejaculated the old settler. "Well, I'm sorry yer have ter go out inter this weather. I hurried home when I saw ther looks of ther sky. I didn't want no more snowin'—in like I had last winter when my woman here had to tend ter ther stock fur three days runnin' an' me all that time snowed in to Jim Kern's 'tween here an' town. Then when I did get home I had ter feel roun' in ther snow drifts huntin' fur this here shanty. See yere now, 'bout yer goin' home,—yer don't have ter! Why, there's Jim Jones. He didn't set neither eye or foot on his claim fur two months runnin'—an' he proved up all right!" The teacher could not gainsay this, but still he could not be persuaded to postpone his journey.

"Do take another piece of pumpkin pie, Mr. Owen!" urged Mrs. Brown; then to her son John: "Hush up, Johnny, you shan't have another piece; don't be a pig! Law! but I wish yer could stay over Christmas. Little cheer you'll have all 'lone in yer shanty to-morrow. I hope ther school buildin' will be built agin yer teach here next term, Mr. Owen. I reckon you'll be glad ter git outen my kitchen. But I'll miss yer when ther biler needs fillin'. I can't never get useter them pesky hay drums,—what with ther emptyin' of hot ashes out of it an' puttin' ther hay in an' pokin' it up an' burnin' one's fingers, an' havin' ther room full of hay dust an' ther smoke, (fur it does smoke in spells) an' the cryin' of one's eyes out with ther smoke! Law! it's not like the wood fires we had back East!—Johnny, stop that stuffin'!—though ter be sure I don't have ter be after my man all ther time ter chop wood like I did back East. Then, I'd never had 'nuff only fur ther teacher what was boardin' with us, which he was proper 'commodatin' an' allers chopped wood when he had nothin' else ter do, an' he had nothin' ter do 'cept teach." The entertaining hostess stopped just here to take breath, and Mr. Owen, taking advantage of this opportunity asked if there was any likelihood of a school house being built during the year.

"No, I don't," laconically replied Mr. Brown; "an' what's more, I don't see no need of a school house in our deestricst nohow. There air only three families with children what air big 'nough ter send ter school, an' you don't catch us robbin' our pockets when ther ain't no need on't; an' ef our kitchen ain't good nough fur nobody, why nobody hain't no need fur ter come here; them's my sentiments, Mr. Teacher!"

Soon after this last remark from the head of the shanty, all got up from the table and Mr. Owen began preparations for his long walk of fifteen miles. When he got out on the prairie he found that the wind was blowing in the same direction that he was going, which was very fortunate for him. He hadn't been blown very far when when something came blowing after him. It proved to be Johnny and a pair of woolen socks, or rather some socks accompanied by Johnny, for the boy wasn't very big of his age, and the socks were.

"Ma said she forgottet ter give yer these yere

fur yore Christmas gift, an' they'll keep yer warm to yer shanty."

Mr. Owen was very much gratified indeed. They were what he needed and he thought he would put them on immediately, which he proceeded to do, pulling them on over his thread-bare mittens. Johnny stared with big eyes, digging his feet into the sand and spreading his short legs far apart so as to withstand the force of the wind.

"Thank Mamma for me, Johnny. A merry Christmas to you! Good-bye!" Johnny only continued staring without responding. Mr. Owen repeated his good-bye more emphatically, and after an interval Johnny responded feebly with a wee, faint good-bye.

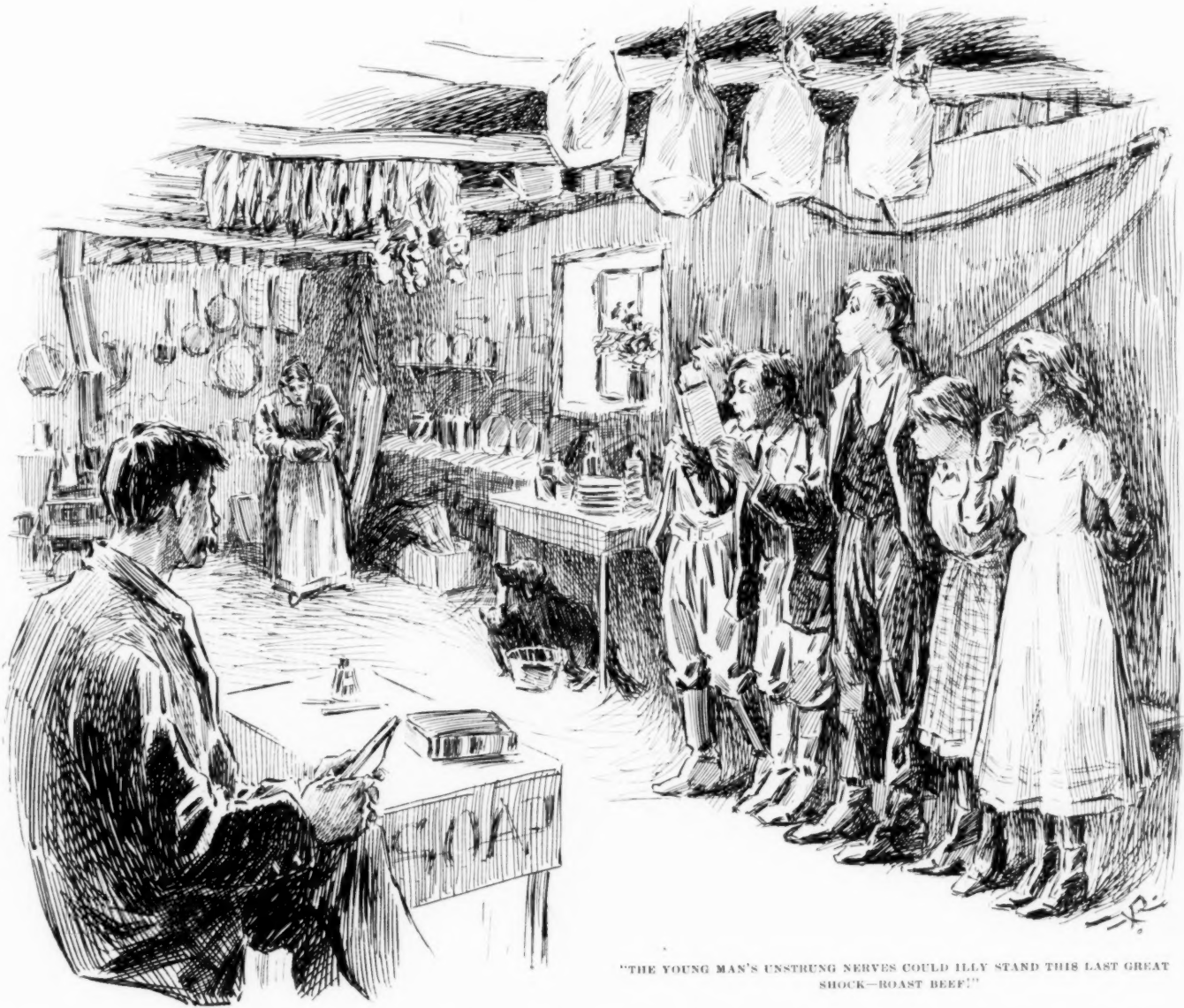
that is, his coat tails, and then he just sailed along with the wind.

After a long stretch of rolling prairie came a ravine, after which followed a level tract of land, then another deep cut, and again the rolling prairie, beyond which were the dreaded sand hills. Dreaded, because a trackless waste and the haunts of wolves. For days one could wander among those hills, confused, unable to decide which way to turn, unless a wolf should confront him; then, no doubt, a decision could be quickly made.

When half-way cross this last prairie the young man was overtaken by night. The wind now went down, but the cold was intense, and it was with much difficulty that he bore up against

a glimmer, which he tried to keep in view as he walked along. The swells of the prairie, however, hid it so completely from his sight that he despaired of ever seeing it again, and his only prospect for that Christmas Eve was to walk the livelong night to keep from freezing, and then perhaps be devoured by a pack of wolves. But another hour's walk brought him to a tract of level land, and the light was again in view and seemingly but a short distance away.

Hark! what was that sound? Only the voices of the sand hills—the wolves were howling to one another as they gathered together for their nightly onslaught upon whatever might provide food for their blood-thirsty maws. Such prolonged and blood-curdling sounds!—and they



"THE YOUNG MAN'S UNSTRUNG NERVES COULD ILLY STAND THIS LAST GREAT SHOCK—ROAST BEEF!"

Never to respond to a greeting, nor a farewell, nor yet to volunteer the same, this young school teacher had discovered, was a peculiarity of the settlers of this prairie region. And, strange to say, after but a short residence on these prairies most anyone will by degrees lose his hold of this pleasant, back-East custom. Though, before he loses his regard for it all together he will respond, if you insist upon it, by grunting two monosyllables: Eu-heu, meaning yes. However, at the time of this narrative, that part of the young teacher's machinery wound up for the exchange of the courtesies of life had not yet become rusty and run down for want of daily use.

Having succeeded in wringing a farewell from his young pupil, Mr. Owen let loose his sails,

both fatigue and cold. He had expected to come across some settler's home before dark, but the darkness which now surrounded him prevented him seeing anything in the shape of a house where he could seek shelter for the night. At this time he was in the basin of the prairie where he could see only the rise of the ground in front of him, the same behind and pretty much ditto all around. After a few minutes' walking he found himself on an elevation of ground, from which point he had a good view of the surrounding country; that is, he might have had if all had not been dark. From this height he peered into the darkness in hope that he might catch the glimmer of a light that would guide him to some habitation, and he finally did catch such

seemed quite near, too. Then all is quiet again—until, actually! the sounds of a fiddle float on the quiet of this vast solitude and reach the astounded ears of this tired traveller. Now he can see distinctly the source of the welcome light that has been guiding him on to warmth, and rest, and shelter. A sod house is before him, and sounds of revelry are pouring out of every opening.

"Ah yes! this is Christmas Eve!" He had forgotten that fact. "Christmas Eve on the vast and boundless plains, as well as in the crowded haunts of men!" Just one year ago to-night Mr. Owen was in his own home back East, helping to celebrate Christmas. All his friends were there. —"Jessy,—" Here the young man's meditations

were interrupted by a strange mingling of sounds, the wolves were again howling, and through it all could be heard the sounds of the fiddle, the stamping of feet, loud laughter, and a man's voice fairly yelling:

"Ladies to ther right—gents to ther left,—swing as yer go,—meet yer daisy,—double the dose!"

"Ah!" thought the young man, amusedly, "with the wolves so near, still the dance goes on."

"First couple ther right,—pig in the pen four rails high,—hog fly out and pig fly in,—all jine hands and circle agin."

Mr. Owen was now looking for the door knob, (something that did not exist) when he was startled by one of the most unearthly and savage howls that ever struck on human ears. Evidently a pack of wolves and hungry ones at that, were close at hand. The effect produced by this incongruous mingling of brute howls and the sounds of human hilarity is indescribable. For a moment only did he hesitate on the threshold, then in nervous haste, forgetting door knob and all such eteteras of civilization, he threw himself against the door and suddenly found himself in the midst of human beings—the Christmas revelers.

No one noticed his informal entrance.

The long though narrow room afforded just enough space for two sets of dancers and the wall-flowers, (these latter of the masculine sex exclusively) seated on benches along the walls. The lively scene was lighted by a lantern hung from a log rafter overhead, a coal oil lamp on the ledge of one window and a bacon dip in another window. The rafters of logs which constituted the ceiling were decorated in the usual way, with samples of the last season's crops, also with domestic and agricultural articles suspended from nails in the logs.

The cowboys, of whom those present formed the majority, were quite harmless-appearing creatures. Their hats, the most formidable looking thing about them, seemed to have grown upon their heads, no attempt being made to remove them, even for the dancing. As more men than women were present, several men dancing in the sets wore handkerchiefs on their arms to designate the part they were personating. Only a few unmarried women were present, and they were in constant demand for the dancing. The unfortunate wall-flowers looked anything but joyous as they watched more successful bachelors bear off the coveted prize, a feminine partner. At the beginning of every set, great was the rush for a partner of the desired kind,—the first there being the first served, and the women appeared to enjoy this part of the entertainment more than did the men. Both the women and the men put into the dancing all the energy and muscle they possessed and danced with anything but the "light fantastic toe." Vehement earnestness characterized every movement.

Mr. Owen had been in the room long enough to observe all these things before anyone noticed him. Then an old man who appeared to be the master of the house, and also of ceremonies, came up to him.

"Well, stranger," he began, "would yer like ter take a swing in these air doin's?"

"The stranger answered affirmatively, and as there was an intermission between dances, the two engaged in conversation.

"I reckon," said the old man, "yer air holdin' down a claim in these air parts?"

The young man replied that he was, and told where his claim was situated. The old man then asked where he hailed from, and being told Missouri, the old fellow puffing up in an ecstasy of delight, exclaimed:

"Really! now, give me yer hand. Why, comrade, that's my old State! An' yer from St.

Louis; then I cal'ate yer must know George Muller? He useter live ther—he's an old crony of mine."

Mr. Owen was ashamed at being compelled to confess his utter ignorance of Mr. Muller's existence, and the old man couldn't understand why it was.

"Yer doan't know 'im!" he exclaimed incredulously, and then after thinking over it for a while, his perplexity wore away and he said:

"Oh, I guess yer wasn't both there at the same time—George didn't stay there stiddy, yer see."

"Now," said the old man, talking rapidly and pulling his new friend along with him to a certain corner of the room, "if yer want ter git a partner, this way in a hurry, fur there's six fellows got an eye on 'er." "Mirandy!" he spoke to a cheerful, stout-looking girl, who appeared like a lump of sugar surrounded by a lot of flies, "here's a partair fur yer, a friend from Missouri!"

Mirandy grinned a good-natured welcome to the new arrival and unceremoniously seized his arm and hauled him into the nearest set just in time to trip up a couple of young men who were about to take possession of the vacant place in the set.

"No yer doan't!" laughingly exclaimed Mirandy, as she slipped into their place. "Yer can jst tumble out-en here," and they "tumbled," looking very sheepish the while.

Mr. Owen ventured to take a look at the crowd of bachelors Mirandy had left in the lurch. They were all scowling, and cast at him ferocious glances. He trembled—perhaps because he had a chill, the weather was so cold outside. However, after being swung around and rushed down the centre by a couple of muscular fair ones, he felt warmed up to the work and soon found himself tearing around as madly as the rest of the crowd.

"All take a walk!"—welcome sound to the young school teacher—for, as Mirandy expressed it, he was "clean tuckered out." His partner immediately "broke" for a keg of water.

"Want a drink?" she asked him.

"Thanks, you drink first," he politely replied.

"Why?" she exclaimed, with dipper suspended in air, "yer doan't think ther water's pizened, do yer?"

About twelve o'clock, refreshments were served—sandwiches composed of pale-looking biscuits as big as your two fists, with thick chunks of pork between, crullers and cookies, (these made with molasses and without eggs) pumpkin pies and steaming coffee. For a select few, a wink or two led them into the pantry where they joined some intimates in eating raw turnips, there not being enough of these last delicacies to go around. Plates and cups were rather scarce, so one cup was made to do double and treble duty between several masculines or a man and women; so did buckets. Saucers, pie pans and lids of all kinds (excepting those from the stove) served for plates. There were not seats enough for all, so many were standing, among them were a couple of women. Those men already seated never seemed to dream of offering their seats to the women who were standing, but the fact was, most of them were too bashful to get up again, being once seated. Mr. Owen had soon given up his seat, thereby astonishing the recipient.

After refreshments, dancing was resumed with renewed vigor, and was kept up, together with card playing by those who couldn't dance, until the broad light of day inquisitively appeared in their midst. They would not have stopped even then, only the fiddler's arm had given out, and the two men who had taken turns at calling out the figures for the sets were about voiceless.

One man after another disappeared from the house and presently appeared at the front door

with his team, and the tired looking women, after lingering awhile with their wraps on, got in their respective wagons, and by seven o'clock all of that jolly crowd had vanished. Mr. Owen did not notice that any good-byes were exchanged; but then, perhaps they may have been written on slips of paper and slyly slipped into one another's hands.

He had a cordial invitation to spend Christmas day with the hospitable family, but he was tired out and preferred going on to his claim while he had a chance to ride.

The song "Home Again!" did not bubble up joyously to this young man's lips, nor in his heart, when he beheld that which constituted his home. It was a small sod house with a hay roof, and at night it was a difficult matter to discern whether this dark-looking object was a heap of earth or a hay stack. Pushing open the door of his shanty, he shuddered at the desolateness of the interior. There was no warm welcome for him on this Christmas day. Everything looked cold and cheerless—the mud walls, the dirt floor, the rusty old stove set up on a pile of sod in lieu of legs, the disordered bunk in one corner of the room, the table which consisted of an old chest elevated to the right height on crooked willow sticks that had the appearance of bending under its weight; the few dilapidated dishes, too, on this table, with the remnants of the last meal, and the mice that still scampered around, seeming to consider him an intruder on their domains—all this desolation dimly lighted by a little square, four-paned window sunken deeply in the sod wall opposite the door. This depressing scene was not at all conducive to warming up the imagination, nor yet what was equally necessary, the chilled blood of this home-sick young man whose mind was full of memories of his last Christmas in his home back East.

With hands that were numb with the cold, he twisted some hay for a fire, then scratching a match on his pants leg, lighted the hay in the stove. First, a darting flame, then a puff of smoke and more flame and smoke; and a roar, and there was nothing left but a charred mass of hay, in the heart of which was left a spark or two. He put in more hay—and still more, which produced a repetition of the flame and smoke and roar, (particularly the last) and all the warmth of it had rushed up the chimney and away, not even warming the stove in its transit. He worked very industriously, twisting the hay and stuffing it into the stove, and finally perceived a slight decrease in the chilliness of the atmosphere of that cellar-like room, but just as he had accomplished this much, the stove began to smoke, filling the room to suffocation, compelling him to open both door and window and then go outside and wait until the smoke, too, had all gone out.

When he returned to the room he was seized with a sort of pre-emption despair and at the same time an emphatic chill. What should he do to get some warmth into that house! He might burn it down. But no, that wouldn't do. Suddenly he was seized by something else—an idea, and going to his bunk he tore off his bedding and laid hold of the bed slats, which he gleefully cut up into fire wood. He would sacrifice his slats to comfort and to "merry" old Christmas! While the stove was warming itself and incidentally imparting some warmth to the room, he hunted up his cooking utensils, which of course hadn't been cleaned since he last used them. From a barrel sunken in the dirt floor, he contrived, by standing on his head therein, to fish out some potatoes. Soon there were potatoes in a tomato can boiling, bacon, all that the mice had not devoured, in a pie pan frying, and coffee in a fruit can steaming. Then mixing up some flour and water and adding vinegar and soda, as a substitute for baking powder, he concocted a mixture

which was to develop into "delicious" pan-cakes, and managed to warm himself while baking them. Every time he wanted to turn a cake he grabbed up the frying pan and giving it a peculiar shake, the cake was tossed up in the air toward the ceiling and always came down brown side up with care.

This feat invariably created dire consternation among even the boldest of the mice, and away they rushed for their holes. When everything was cooked the young school teacher drew up his chair, that is, a box, to the stove, thus enabling him to hug the stove for warmth, and at the same time use it for a table, and he made a hearty meal, enjoying it voraciously. After this meal he felt so warmed and cheered that he fell into a delicious reverie. It was of Christmas one year ago that he was dreaming? Could he ever forget the joys of that day. A mistletoe bough played a prominent part in those joys. Oh, that mistletoe bough! Jessy was just under it, and he— Looking up overhead he fancied that he was gazing at the same mistletoe, and Jessy—she was just under it. * * * Heavens!—what is this!—only the dismal present, the cheerless reality of Christmas on a pre-emption in the midst of the wilds of a Nebraska prairie. That which he fancied was the mistletoe was only the branches composing the ceiling of his sod shanty. Instead of his eyes falling upon Jessy, whom he imagined under the fancied mistletoe, they behold some hungry mice that are nibbling at the remnants of his Christmas dinner. The fire is out, the air is icy cold, the darkness of another night is creeping upon him, also some wolves, to judge from the nearness of their howls. He is completely chilled—aye, to his very heart.

Why did she not write?—sending him some word of comfort for this Christmas day?

While still plunged in this feeling of desolation, the young man was startled by a loud thump on the door, and this noise was immediately followed by the entrance of a burly figure that proved to be the nearest neighbor. He had a box in his arms. Placing this box on the floor he began slapping his arms against his sides, trying to get warm, while he said:

"I was to town yesterday, an' 'seem' as this ere box was lablled fur you I just dumped it inter my wagon, an' here it is."

The young man thanked him and was going to ask him to sit down and warm himself, but but changed his mind. The man hadn't time to stop and hurried off leaving Mr. Owen alone with the box. After lighting a candle stuck in a bottle, he proceeded to open his Christmas box, which he found was from home. What good cheer was here! Christmas had found his way out to this claim and now reigned in this sod shanty. The mud walls, the dirt floor, even the mice and everything else that was dismal, seemed to have vanished from sight. All that he saw were the loving gifts from the dear ones at home. He imagined even that he could feel the presence of the home folks in that cold, cheerless room, and the place was metamorphosed. At the very bottom of the box, a letter—and from Jessy! With trembling fingers and heart all aglow, he opened the letter and devoured its contents.

Suffice to say that, after reading this letter, his surroundings were again transfigured. Love, requited love, cast a halo over everything in this sod shanty on this Christmas night in the Western wilds.

HOP CULTURE IN THE YAKIMA VALLEY.

An industry which, like hops, is increasing so rapidly on the Pacific Coast merits a description for the benefit of the readers of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, for the results of hop culture here in a financial way make it one of the most profitable crops raised in the United States. The hop industry has been carried on from the early ages in the County of Kent, England, and emigrants from there introduced the industry into the State of New York and later on it became quite an important branch of agriculture in Wisconsin. But in both those localities, after some years of prosperity, insect pests became so injurious that the profits became largely curtailed and the profits of the business became uncertain; so much so as to cause a decline in the acreage in both New York and Wisconsin.

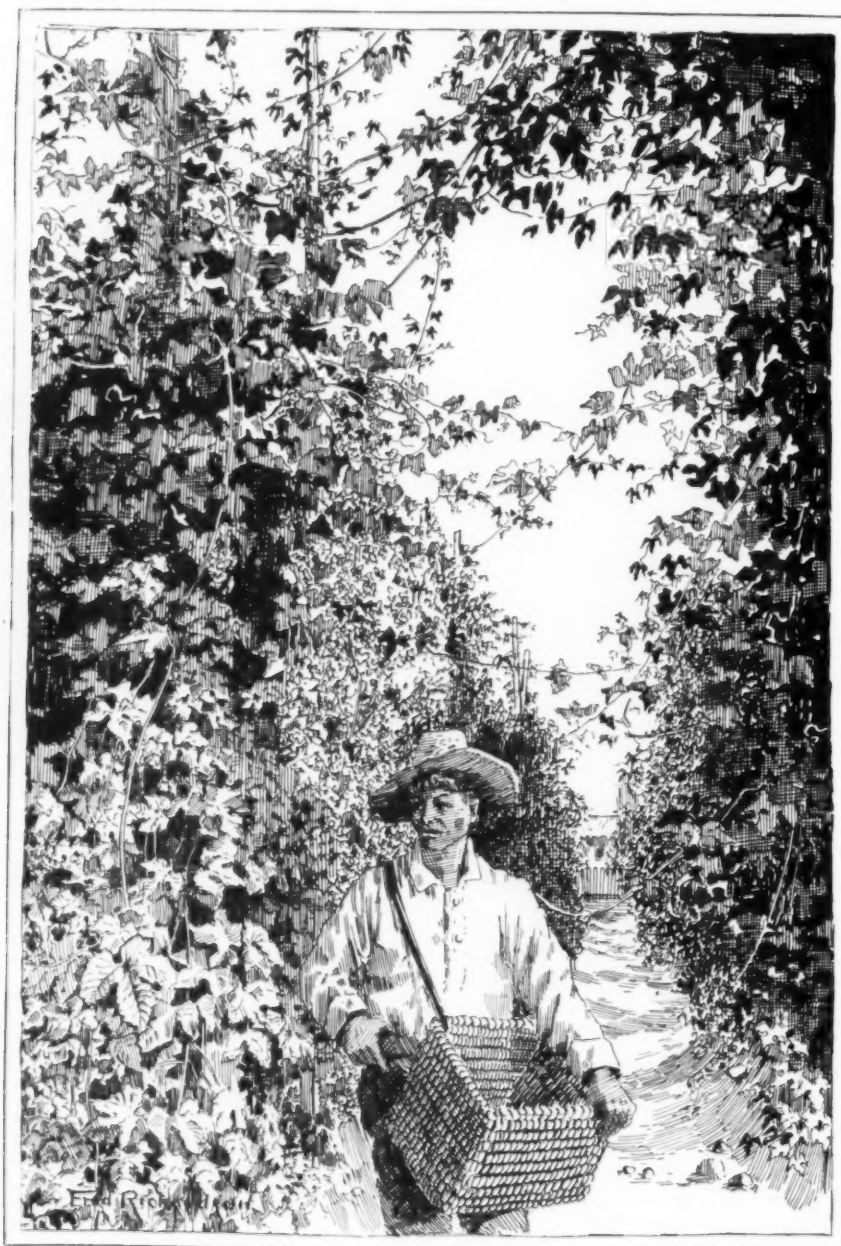
It was not until some experimenting farmers tried hops in Western Washington that bigger profits than had ever been realized in the most palmy days of hop-growing in the East were made, for the climate and soil proved so very favorable to the plant that the business has become a staple industry in this State. The first yards of any size were in the Puyallup and White River valleys, and they have increased year by year until both are vast hop yards and the product finds its market not only in New York, but in London and Liverpool, where Washington hops bring a higher price than any others.

After the construction of the Cascade line of the Northern Pacific road through the Yakima Valley this section began to rapidly change from a cattle and horse-ranching country to a fruit and grain-raising country. Its climate was radically different from that west of the Cascades, being almost rainless; and as hops had never been raised in quantities in an arid climate dependent upon irrigation, it was not supposed for years that it would prove suitable for the hop plant. But as the farmers on the east side of the mountain saw the big profits piled up west of the range they began to plant hops here in small amounts in an experimental way. Soon it was discovered that the hop took most kindly to irrigation and that the quality and yield were, if anything, even larger and better than in the moist Sound Country. From small beginnings three or four years ago the Yakima yards already amount to hundreds of acres and it took 5,000 pickers to care for the crop this year.

The business has received a greater impetus since it has been discovered that the pests that injure them in other localities do not affect them here, as the warm, very dry air which prevails in the Yakima Valley in the summer season dries them up very promptly with the first hot days of early June. All the hop men I have talked with here claim that they have never had any trouble with the pest and for the reason given never will have. Though so profitable the hop business requires a good deal of careful attention and some experience and knowledge to secure the best results. In starting a yard—and ten acres is a good sized one—the ground should be carefully prepared by plowing deep and carefully irrigating it before putting the crowns or sets in the hills. These sets are taken from the old plants and cost from one to three dollars per thousand. They should be planted both ways, cultivated frequently, and thoroughly irrigated at intervals throughout the growing season. Not a weed should be permitted in the yard at any time. Some growers prefer to let but one "shoot" grow to the vine, and much of the work of the latter part of the season can be avoided by trimming the surplus off as soon as they show themselves when they sprout early in the spring. Supplying the poles to train them upon is one of the most expensive items of the business. They are mostly cedar poles shipped in on the railroad and cost



"AT THE VERY BOTTOM OF THE BOX WAS A LETTER."



IN A WASHINGTON HOP FIELD.

about \$40 to the acre; though a great many new beginners go to the timber along the Yakima River and cut cottonwood poles for the first year till one crop can bring them enough money to purchase better ones. A new system has been introduced this year that is meeting with general favor. This is the "trellis" system, where large posts are set at intervals and wires strung over them from which strings depend upon which are trained the vines, thus greatly facilitating picking when the crop is ripe.

The hop gets ripe about September 10th, and that is the busy season of the year and one fraught with the greatest anxiety to the owner; for much depends on the manner of drying them, in making a salable and gilt-edged article. Then it requires hundreds of pickers to separate the hops from the vines. The time of hop-picking is a time of festival and merrymaking, for it is not hard work and women and children are even more expert at picking them than the men, as dexterity more than strength is the prime requirement in picking hops rapidly. As the hops begin to approach the ripening time the pickers begin to gather around the field and if it is a large one they may number over one hundred in a single yard. They receive one dollar "a box,"

and a good picker will fill two of these in a day. If an expert it may be three or even more boxes. The hops after picking are taken to the dry-house, a large building, and there the moisture is taken out of them and then they are baled much the same as wool, only tighter, and hauled to the railroad and shipped to market. At this season the road through Zillah is lined with wagons laden with the baled hops, which exhale the pугent, pleasant hop odor as they pass along.

As to the profit, it varies much in different years according to the price. One thousand dollars an acre has been made from a single crop, and the average year by year in the Yakima Valley is probably \$150 to \$375 an acre. It costs from seven to eight cents per pound to raise them and they sell for from fifteen to eighty cents per pound. The crop in the "Sunnyside" this year has been about 1,000 per acre for the hops from one-year-old plants to 2,000 and 2,500 pounds for yards over one year old. I was told yesterday by a hop man that has a sixty-acre yard that he has sold his crop at a price that would net him \$170 to \$240 an acre. Looks rather large to an Easter farmer, no doubt.

The acreage has increased most rapidly this year in the Sunnyside Valley surrounding Zil-

lah, where the big canal just finished has brought 64,000 acres of the best land west of the Rockies under irrigation. The hop industry and the fruit business are bringing in a great many settlers and the country is filling up fast. As a twenty-acre farm is quite large, and many are satisfied with ten acres, this locality is more like a village than a farming country. This will be a great advantage, and those settlers who have begun to find out that irrigation is crop insurance and are beginning to come out here from the East are loud in their expressions of satisfaction with a country where twenty acres will not only support a family, but lay up something for a rainy day. Then again, it makes schools numerous and gives the advantages that dense settlement always brings.

In this climate of long, warm summers and short, dry winters, every product of temperate climates is most successfully grown. Some of the settlers around Zillah have gone into peach-growing, some into plums and pears, while others prefer winter apples. Others again would rather raise corn, sweet potatoes and Irish potatoes, while alfalfa and melons are favored by not a few. There is no trouble about diversified farming here. Nature has fixed it so by combining the proper climate and an extremely rich soil, and the water from our big \$550,000 irrigating canal "does the rest."

D. R. MCGINNIS.

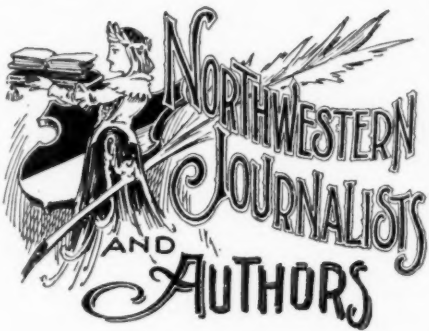
Zillah, Wash., Oct. 19.

CANNEL COAL IN WASHINGTON.

A valuable find of cannel coal, said to be the first ever discovered in the Pacific Northwest, is reported from the Hagermann brothers' homestead, two miles west of Palmer, and 300 yards from the Northern Pacific Railroad. There are seven veins, numbers one to five being two to four feet in width and the sixth being six feet nine inches wide and of an excellent quality of cannel coal. Vein number seven is still wider, being over eight feet across, but not of good quality on the surface. Vein number six is the one on which the Hagermann brothers base the claim that the coal is of as good a quality as any Welsh cannel. The find has been stocked for \$150,000, and \$3,000 worth of shares have been sold to active miners, residing at Wilkeson principally. The reason given for taking in coal miners is that they know the value of the find, while outsiders would look upon it as an ordinary coal mine proposition. By running a tunnel 3,000 feet into the side of a hill, at the top of which the croppings are found, all of the veins can be crosscut. This tunnel will be run at once, so that a limited supply of coal can be got out this fall. A mining expert places the aggregate amount of coal in sight at nearly 2,000,000 tons, and says the coal is worth nominally \$8 per ton.—*West Coast Trade*.

NORTH DAKOTA FOR SHEEP.

While sheep, as a specialty, pay better and are easier to handle than almost any other kind of stock, some of the best paying flocks in the West are owned by what are known as wheat men. The moment the shocks are out of the field, the sheep are on them, and not only are the fields cleaned of every weed, seed and head of grain, but wild mustard and nearly every other troublesome weed and plant are eagerly devoured. In addition to this the whole flock, if the field is sufficiently extensive, are mutton fat when they come to the barn. None but an experienced sheep man knows what an advantage such a flock has over one which comes in late off from short, frost-bitten pastures. They are fully one-third wintered, and the wethers and old ewes can be prepared for the block with very little or no expense. The wheat farm without one or two hundred ewes on it is not being run right.—*Langdon (N. D.) Courier*.



N. W. Durham.

N. W. Durham, editor of the *Spokane Review*, is one of the foremost journalists of the young State of Washington. He was brought up, in a newspaper sense, on the *Portland Oregonian*, an excellent school, where he learned valuable lessons of enterprise and independence under Harvey W. Scott, the veteran editor of that strong paper. When the *Oregonian* proprietors acquired an interest in the *Spokane Review*, about six years ago, Mr. Durham was selected for the important task of managing the property and giving it editorial direction. He brought to his task habits of close application to work, a well trained mind, marked literary ability, good judgement and a close knowledge of the Pacific Northwest. He took every opportunity that offered to gain a more intimate acquaintance with the people and places of the regions lying within the field of the *Review's* circulation, getting out of the office now and then to explore the Big Bend Country, the Palouse Country, and the Colville Valley, and thus made himself an authority on the geography, material resources and special features of population and politics of all those sections.

Mr. Durham is one of the best all-round descriptive writers in his State and as a leader writer he is always clear and forcible. He has a friendly feeling for budding literary talent, and the poets, the sketch writers and the story writers of all the region of which Spokane is the

news center receive hospitable welcome to the columns of the *Review*. When not in his editorial room at the top of the tall *Review* building, Mr. Durham is pretty certain to be found at his pretty little home in the southern part of the city, where he delights to spend what little leisure he can command in the society of his wife and babies. His age, I should guess, is about thirty-five. He has done much already to help the development of his State and shape its public affairs. In his private life he is always a cordial, honorable and high-minded gentleman.

Edith M. Day.

Few lady writers have made greater progress in their vocation than the subject of this sketch whose very creditable work as associate editor of a Western magazine has brought her into deserved prominence. Early in the present year Miss Day's employers sent her on a ten thousand mile trip through Mexico and the United States to test the facilities of American railway travel. The journey was accomplished in seventeen days and the very charming story in connection therewith published in the June issue of *Lewis & Dryden's Railway Magazine* has been pronounced one of the finest pieces of descriptive work recently attempted, and extracts from it have been widely published.

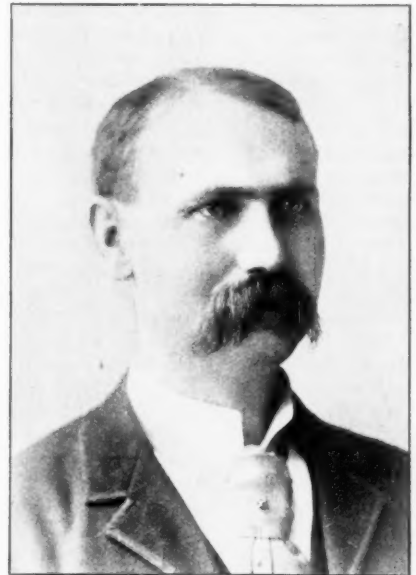
Miss Day is only twenty-two and exceedingly pretty and interesting. The engraving herewith is made from a photograph in Mexican costume, taken shortly after her recent journey thither, and is an excellent likeness. Her work has attracted much attention during the last year and with her undoubted genius and persevering ambition she cannot fail in a few years to command the plaudits of the great reading community.

Her style is peculiarly her own and is characterized by strength as well as grace, being entirely destitute of the feminine rustle usually characteristic of the work of women. She possesses wonderful power of word painting, a vivid imagination and an instinctive knowledge of character rarely attained in twice her years.

Her published work consists of numerous sketches and "Tarquinia," a novel now running as a serial in the magazine with which she is associated. These, however, she characterizes as "studies," regarding her chosen profession as an art in which much practice is essential before the production of a masterpiece.

Mrs. C. A. Severance.

Mrs. Severance, who has just published a handsome little volume of Indian legends of Minnesota, is the wife of one of the best known of the younger members of the St. Paul bar, C. A. Severance, of the firm of Davis, Kellogg & Severance. She was educated at one of the famous Eastern colleges and completed her studies at Zurich, in Switzerland. Her tastes have always inclined her to literary work. She edited for a time the *Literary Northwest*, a magazine which had a brief but creditable career in St. Paul, and she had large plans for its expansion into a first-class periodical that should embrace the whole West in its range of influence and circulation; but the hard times nipped them in the bud. The Severances have a cosy city home that is the center of much refined hospitality. In



N. W. DURHAM.

the summer they live on a farm about a dozen miles south of the city on the picturesque plateau between the Mississippi and St. Croix rivers—a delightful region of wheat-fields and pastures, shady roads and comfortable, old-fashioned farm homes.

J. W. Redington.

J. W. Redington, the genial humorist of the Puyallup, Washington, *Commerce*, originated as a newspaper man in Oregon and worked as a type-sticker on one of the Portland dailies. He drifted into the bunch-grass country east of the Cascade Mountains, herded sheep, staked out a claim and chased and fought Chief Joseph's Indians in the famous Nez Perce war of 1876. For several years he published a paper in Heppner, Oregon, and there he developed a quaint vein of original humor, largely inspired by the sagebrush, the coyotes, the sheep-camps and the melancholy nooks of the Blue Mountains. Selling his paper a few years ago he determined to get nearer civilization and so came down to tide level and bought the *Commerce*, published at Puyallup, in the fat, back valley near Tacoma, where the hop flourishes and raspberries grow to be almost as big as apples. Redington's office is a museum of droll things and bogus relics labelled in a way to make a horse laugh. At his home he has a charming and intelligent wife and three babies that make his evenings happy.

A Manitoba Editor.

Pilot Mound is a small town in Southwestern Manitoba on one of the branches of the C. P. R. It may have four or five hundred inhabitants, but its name is widely known. All its fame comes from its one newspaper, the *Sentinel*, which is edited by a man who always finds something to write about. This editor has the gift of seeing a thousand things of interest in the aspects of nature, the bird and animal life of the prairies, the flowers and grasses, the growing crops and the simple life of the Manitoba farmers and of knowing how to describe what he sees in a manner to interest all intelligent readers. His articles are widely copied in American as well as Canadian papers and often appear in English and Scottish journals. They are not imaginative writing. There is not a trace of exaggeration or affectation about them. They tell not only the facts, but they tell them in a style that is vivid and entertaining. The value of such an editor to a community is beyond calculation.



EDITH M. DAY.

THE WORLD OF MYSTERY.

THE IDLE PAST.

I saw a hoary headed man—
(Perchance it was a dream);
Beneath his changeless vision ran
A dark and silent stream.
His form was old,
In hand he held
A shadow for a staff.

The moon was shining on the flood,
It was at eventide,
And flickle shadows of the wood
Danced round him and beside;
And like the dead,
His pale looks said
More than all else to me.

I could not turn, I could not leave;
I, too, was like the dead;
He came and plucked me by the sleeve,
And this is what he said—
Though, like the dead,
His bright eyes said
More than ought else to me:—

"There is a river men call Time—
That stream once flowed for me,
In youth it came from heights sublime,
And, touching, sought its sea;
It promised joy
Without alloy,
And that for me would be.

"Bright blossoms grew upon its banks,
And had a fragrance rare;
I cried, 'Ye zephyrs, stir their ranks,
And here their fragrance bear;
For soon and late
I stand and wait
For that which is to be.'

"And boats seemed coming down the stream,
Upbearing precious freight;
I saw their dripping paddles gleam,
The while I dared to wait;
And I did yearn,
And fondly turn
To that which was to be.

"The friends that were awhile with me
Went down that silent stream,
Their voices coming back would be
The voices of a dream;
Still I remained,
And little gained
Of that which was to be.

"And sea-deep eyes looked for a while
Up fondly to mine own;
They twined the roses of a smile
That was for me alone,
I cannot yet,
Nor would forget
That this was once for me.

"The river came, and still flowed on,
Gray gathered in mine hair;
The friends of youth were mostly gone,
But still I lingered there,
Unsatisfied,
Yet open-eyed
For that which was to be."—

He ceased to speak; his bright eyes sank
One moment on the ground,
And while he paced along the bank
I marked he made no sound;
And I had fled
But for the dread
That cast its chains on me.—

"It is a dreadful thing to wake,
As if from out a dream,
Upon the sands of that dark lake
Where sinks Time's silent stream;
To stand alone,
But flesh and bone,
Beside that dark, dark sea.

"To be in misery alone
Beside that hungry sea,
And hear the racing winds make moan,
And know what soon must be;
And ere you drink
To wait and think
Of that which soon must be.

"To feel that never, never more
Thy vanished youth may be,
And that behind thee, as before,
Is but a waste of sea;
And feeling this
To know the bliss
That might have been for thee.

"Oh, manhood strong! oh, childhood wrong!
Thy present day is best!
Think not the future but a song
In which thou shalt be blessed;
Old age alone
Is but a stone
Beside a desert sea!"—

He turned again, with noiseless tread,
Again I stood alone;
I was communing with the dead;
It chilled me to the bone;
And I had fled
But for the dread
That still had chains on me.

He came abruptly to my side,
His eyes looked in mine own;
And they were bright, and they were wide,
His touch was cold as stone;
And like the dead
His pale looks said
More than all else to me.—

"The now is better than the past,
Or what perchance may be;
Be that thine own; youth, hold it fast,
Thou hast a golden key.
The past is flown,
No future known,
None is a golden key."

B. H. STANDISH.

An Egyptian Thaumaturgist.

An oriental and a materialist doctor in the physical and natural sciences met in Egypt in 1863, according to Horace Pelletier in *Le Messager*. The learned occidental in trying to instruct the oriental, discovered many things to which he had not only been a stranger but in the reality of which he had obstinately refused to believe.

Without translating the whole of the very amusing and instructive article it will be enough to say that he made the acquaintance of a Coptic magician, a veritable descendant of the ancient Egyptians who lived under the Pharaohs, who was very distinguished in his manners, had much wit and was very well versed in oriental literature. He spoke English, French and Italian with great facility and besides possessed a large fortune which he knew how to spend to his own honor and the great delight of his friends. He wore a rich and elegant costume and dwelt in a splendid palace. He enjoyed the reputation of being a magician and in the eyes of the common herd a very extraordinary man. The people of Cairo, Christians and Mussulmen, affirmed that he had a superior intelligence to that of common humanity, and had been incarnated to make known to men the immense power of the spirits of a superior order who were charged with assisting the eternal one in the government of the universe.

The Egyptian, however, never posed as a magician, and if from time to time he worked wonders it was only because he had received from on high a mission to reveal the power of God. He was an instrument of which the divinity designed to make use sometimes—nothing more.

M. Martinet—such was the name of the learned occidental—asked the magician named Sidi-Ahmed if he was acquainted with physics, chemistry and natural history. The Egyptian confessed he did not know the name of either. The occidental savant desired to teach him the rudiments of these branches of science and the Egyptian consented to receive instruction and a certain number of the theories and principles of physics were presented which the magician received with perfect skepticism. He admired the theories imagined by the European but did not at all believe them.

One day M. Martinet was developing the theory of universal attraction and was telling him that "all bodies were attracted towards the center of the earth." "You see," he says, "this hat," throwing it towards the ceiling of the room in which he was experimenting for the instruction of the magician, "I throw it into the air and it does not stay there but immediately falls to the ground to which it is irresistibly attracted."

Hardly was the hat thrown when the Egyptian stretched out his hand in the direction of the headcover which was only a short distance from the ceiling. Despite the law formulated by Newton and to the great surprise of M. Martinet the hat, which nothing was sustaining, staid in its position without falling to the floor, an unknown force preventing its fall and giving the lie to the law of attraction. Another surprise was in store for the European savant. Desirous, without doubt, of rejoining his hat Sidi-Ahmed himself darted up into space and remained suspended in his turn. He kept himself some minutes in a vertical position then took a horizontal position, as if he had been coolly sleeping in bed. His body was suspended at an equal distance from the ceiling and the floor. Martinet rubbed his eyes asking himself whether he was dreaming or whether he was attacked with dizziness. Sidi-Ahmed had other surprises for him. Another day Mr. Martinet was teaching his pupil electricity and was able to move some objects only to a slight distance, his pupil looking on in a mild scorn. Without any aid from the battery at hand, the magician contented himself with stretching out his hand into space and the furniture was seen to dance about, even the heaviest tables. A very heavy cupboard containing different articles of considerable weight was set up against the wall of the room which Sidi-Ahmed by a simple act of the will moved about four feet from the wall. Confusion seized M. Martinet at seeing his furniture in full revolution. Imagine scholars in insurrection, in order to make sport of their master, coming to make very humble bows in their playful irony. The chairs and other pieces of furniture came each in their turn and made obeisance to the master in a sportive way, turned their backs to him and indulged in a merry dance, even the heavy arm-chair joining in this irreverent farce.

M. Martinet was a materialist, who believed neither in God or the devil, but on this occasion he felt half converted—he believed in the devil. He felt a cold sweat covering his body. He gave up the task of instructing the Egyptian, however, as a thankless job, as it seemed like the merest tyro trying to give his teacher instruction on matters which were a useless lore to him.

The Egyptian thaumaturgist was not, however, ungrateful. One evening while they were talking, smoking the chibouk and sipping coffee in his splendid dwelling, all at once he stretched himself out on his divan and remained like some one who had completely lost consciousness. He was completely deprived of motion; he was in a trance. Believing him sick, M. Martinet was embarrassed, not knowing what aid to give him for such a grave malady, when all at once he saw another Sidi-Ahmed returning to himself, very much alive, quite similar in figure, costume, features, to that person stretched out on the divan, immovable as a corpse. Only, in the place of being stretched out asleep, he was surely on his feet, very lively, very active and smiling on his professor of physics, who had not recovered from his amazement at seeing two Sidi-Ahmeds, instead of one Sidi-Ahmed, the living, stretched out his hand, which was of real flesh and warm, while that of the Sidi-Ahmed on the divan was inert and cold as ice. M. Martinet could not believe his eyes, he believed himself the prey of a hallucination and very vigorously shook the hand of the second Sidi-Ahmed to assure himself that he was not the victim of an illusion. It was indeed of flesh, impossible to doubt that, for he held it in his own for ten minutes. However, the hand little by little lost consistency, melted like snow, then became vaporous as did the entire person of the second Sidi-Ahmed and ended by dissolving into thin air while the Sidi-Ahmed in the condition of a corpse began to resume life, then to completely

recover consciousness. He had the air of one who had awakened from a profound sleep.

On another evening M. Martinet was requested to think of some loved friends who had departed this life. He fixed his thoughts on a friend of his school days. The magician stretched himself as before and went into a trance which seemed like death to the savant. Hardly had seven or eight minutes elapsed when his instructor in physics saw before him a phantom with vaporous and undefined outlines which in less than three minutes took on more consistency and they became more distinct, and at last the living image of his friend—presented himself before him. It was indeed he whom he had mourned. His friend smiled on him and said, "Do not waste any regrets on me, do not mourn, I am more alive than ever. The body is a tomb and to say that man dies is to lie. Man does not die except when he inhabits his sepulchre of flesh; the moment he leaves it he lives again forever. What is called life on earth is death, and what is called death is life, true life." After having said these last words, the phantom was transformed into vapor and melted into air and Sidi-Ahmed recovered consciousness like one waking from a deep sleep. As for M. Martinet, he was neither dead nor alive; he was as if he had never existed, he had no longer consciousness of existence. It required considerable time for him to recover any idea of his own individuality. "What am I? Where am I?" he asked himself. He finally came to himself and was thoroughly convinced that the orientals, less presumptuous than the occidentals, possessed a science which the latter had no conception of, and this is magic.

"Magic," said M. Martinet, when he had returned to his fireside, "magic is the only true science; what we call physical and natural sciences are only sciences to laugh at—children's sciences. The most insignificant thaumaturgist of the orient knows more than all our doctors."

Death and Beyond.

I believe that a surprise is awaiting us all concerning the nature and significance of the spirit-land which we will enter at death. It seems from a consideration of the hints given in God's word that, after we pass beyond the veil, one of the first thoughts will be, "How much after all is this not like the life we lived on earth?" The perplexities, the anxieties, the distress, the uncertainties will all have passed away. But the same mind will be active, the same thoughts, purified from sin, will recur. We will live in the past of time as much as in eternity, into which we will then come. Every holy association formed on earth will be doubly dear. When we reach the great beyond we will look back upon earth and know all that is going on there. We will not be so absorbed in the contemplation of the heavenly mysteries that will then be revealed as to lose interest in our old home and those who succeeded us as its tenants. We will be all the more deeply interested in the progress of the kingdom of God on earth and the conflict between God and Satan because we will know so much more concerning what is involved in that struggle. We will be astonished at our own indifference to it whilst living in the midst of it. We will wonder how men can deprecate the importance of what occurs on earth by the thought that, after all, life on earth is brief and eternity is everything.—A. A. W. in *Stillwater Prison Mirror*

Progress in Psychical Science.

Dr. Alfred R. Wallace, an eminent English scientist, sent to the Psychical Congress at Chicago a paper entitled "Notes on the Growth of Opinion as to Obscure Psychical Phenomena during the last Fifty Years." Dr. Wallace began his investigations of such phenomena as long

ago as 1843. In his paper he discusses mesmerism, hypnotic suggestion, crystal-seeing, automatic writing, trance phenomena, apparitions and various physical demonstrations. In conclusion he writes as follows on the hypothesis that these various phenomena of an apparently supernatural character are caused by the return of spirits:

Lastly, we come to consider the claim of the intelligences who are connected with most of these varied phenomena to be the spirits of deceased men and women, such claim being supported by tests of various kinds, especially by giving accurate information regarding themselves as to facts totally unknown to the medium or to any person present. Records of such tests are numerous in spiritual literature as well as in the publications of the Society for Psychical Research, but at present they are regarded as inconclusive, and various theories of a double or multiple personality, of a subconscious or second self, or of a lower stratum of consciousness are called in to explain them or to attempt to explain them. The stupendous difficulty that if these phenomena and these tests are to be all attributed to the "second self" of living persons, then that second self is almost always a deceiving and lying self, however moral and truthful the visible and tangible first self may be, has, so far as I know, never been rationally explained; yet this cumbrous and unintelligible hypothesis finds great favour with those who have always been accustomed to regard the belief in a spirit world, and more particularly a belief that the spirits of our dead friends can and do sometimes communicate with us, as unscientific, unphilosophical, and superstitious. Why it should be unscientific, more than any other hypothesis which alone serves to explain intelligibly a great body of facts, has never been explained. The antagonism which it excites seems to be mainly due to the fact that it is, and has long been in some form or other, the belief of the religious world and of the ignorant and superstitious of all ages, while a total disbelief in spiritual existence has been the distinctive badge of modern scientific scepticism. But we find that the belief of the uneducated and unscientific multitude rested on a broad basis of facts which the scientific world scouted and scoffed at as absurd and impossible.

Now, however, we are discovering, as this brief sketch has shown, that the alleged facts are one after another proved to be real facts, and, strange to say, with little or no exaggeration, since almost every one of them, though implying abnormal powers in human beings or the agency of a spirit-world around us, has been strictly paralleled in the present day, and has been subjected to the close scrutiny of the scientific and sceptical with little or no modification of their essential nature. Since, then, the scientific world has been proved to have been totally wrong in its denial of the facts, as being contrary to laws of nature and therefore incredible, it seems highly probable, *a priori*, it may have been equally wrong as to the spirit hypothesis, the dislike of which mainly led to their disbelief in the facts. For myself, I never have been able to see why any one hypothesis should be less scientific than another, except so far as one explains the whole of the facts and the other explaining only a part of them. It was this alone that rendered the theory of gravitation more scientific than that of cycles and epicycles; the undulatory theory of light more scientific than the emission theory; and the theory of Darwin more scientific than that of Lamarck. It is often said that we must exhaust known causes before we call in unknown causes to explain phenomena. This may be admitted but I cannot see how it applies to the present question. The "second" or "subconscious self" with its wide stores of knowledge, how gained no one knows,

its distinct character, its low morality, its constant lies, is as purely a theoretical cause as is the spirit of a deceased person or any other spirit. It can in no sense be termed "a known cause." To call this hypothesis "scientific," and that of spirit agency "unscientific" is to beg the question at issue.

That theory is most scientific which best explains the whole series of phenomena, and I therefore claim that the spirit-hypothesis is the most scientific, since even those who oppose it most strenuously often admit that it does explain all the facts, which cannot be said of any other hypothesis. This very brief and very imperfect sketch of the progress of opinion on the questions this congress has met to discuss leads us, I think, to some valuable and reassuring conclusions. We are taught, first, that human nature is not so wholly and utterly the slave of delusion as has sometimes been alleged, since almost every alleged superstition is now shown to have had a basis of fact. Secondly, those who believe, as I do, that spiritual beings can and do, subject to general laws and for certain purposes, communicate with us, and even produce material effects in the world around us, must see in the steady advance of inquiry and of interest in these questions, the assurance that, so far as their beliefs are logical deductions from the phenomena they have witnessed, those beliefs will at no distant date be accepted by all truth-seeking inquirers.

WASHINGTON STATE FLOWER.

The charming Rhododendrons
In modest beauty grew,
Where the silent giant evergreens
Their sombre shadows threw;
And not a breeze disturbed them
In that quiet upland glade—
Their dress of white and carmine
But deepened in the shade.

And then arose the question
In country, city, town:
What wreath of forest glories
Shall we twine for Statehood's crown?

Shall it be the Mountain Laurel
With sweet cups bending down?
Or the dainty white Syringa,
Or heather of Scottish dells—
The woodbine's clinging tendrils
Or the Foxglove's drooping bells?

The columbine grows every where
And the clover's storied charms
Vie strong in all home-loving hearts
With Berberi's spiny arms.

But no, we turn from beauty rare,
From pent-up sweetness, we,
To the quiet of the mountain glade
Beneath the giant tree,
Where the charming Rhododendron
In its dress of white and rose
In the shadow of the evergreens
In quiet beauty grows.

Proclaim, great State, thy glories,
In sunshine or in shower!
A fitting crown we weave for thee
Of this, our own State flower!

HARRIET L. ISMAN.

Arcadia, Washington.

TO A WHITE ROSE.

Why should I gaze on you thro' tears,
Because, forsooth, in other years
Another rose, as sweet, as white,
Was given to me one summer night
Beneath the stars?

I press you, rose, against my cheek;
You tremble, rose, but cannot speak.
Is it because your leaves enfold
A hidden story, sweet and old,
Old as the stars?

O, rose, against your heart of gold
A human heart lies dead and cold,
Your tender leaves around it curled,
Hides safe a secret from the world,
O, heart, O, rose!

FLORENCE A. JONES

Hampton, Iowa.

JEM.



ES, her name is Jem. She may have been named Jemima, cannot say as to that: we call her Jem, and no other name could suit her so well—small and dark, wiry as an Indian and as quick, with dark eyes that taught me what love was in about three minutes—but that was long ago. No, I have not gotten over it yet, and never will. Where did she come from—where did I see her first? One question at a time, Sis; she came across the plains from Illinois a baby; both parents died on the way and Jem was adopted as baby of the whole crew. When they finally brought up in a mining camp she was still everybody's little girl, and every one felt called upon to do something in the way of providing for Little Jem.

Finally she settled down at home life among Nathan Grimes' flock of little ones, and from that on no one ever disputed her right to be one of them; only strangers commented, looking from the old folks, blue-eyed, fat and fair, to the small, dark girl among the small tow-heads, also fat and fair. And there, fording the vicious little river that runs by Nat's place, I saw her, a lithe little girl of fourteen or fifteen, I supposed, tripping down the path and on the foot-log, calling to us to keep up.

"Keep up just above the ripples—there is a deep place below!"

I just caught the words above the the rush and roar of the water, when down went the pack-horse—stepped on a rolling stone or something, and over he went, rolling clear over twice before he managed to scramble to his feet. Just then a scream, a splash, and among pieces of bark, struggling and sinking, a little form swept quickly towards me. I grabbed her just in time, too, and pulled her up on the horse's neck. Oh, no, not drowned; just strangled and frightened, and looking like a drenched kitten. I stopped Selim on the bank, wrung out her dripping dress, unstrapped my blanket, wrapped her in it, then holding her close to still the trembling of her form, I turned the horse toward a house I could see back among the trees.

"Do you feel very cold?" I asked, looking down into the eyes that were fixed wistfully on me. For answer a little hand worked out of the blanket, reached up and pulled my head down until our lips met; then, abashed, the dusky, dripping head slipped down in the blanket, plumb out of sight, and I saw her no more for three years.

I went to the house the next day and the next; she was none the worse for the ducking, they told me, and that they had been afraid the bark would slip from the foot-log some time and drown some one, but had still neglected to hew it off. Yes, Jem was at home; she was around somewhere; but, although the children looked for her and called her name and Nat and his wife told me her story, she did not come. I knew at last she would not.

I knew why. That kiss was all the-world to me, but no one should know, and she need not have cared. I understood the poor, starved heart—she is not the kind to mingle with the common herd. Nat and his wife are kind to all alike, their hearts big enough to love all the orphans in the West; but Jem is one among them, not of them. She wants such love as I can give her, but she hides from me because of that unlucky kiss. No, she is not a child, as I at first supposed. I held a woman to my heart and did not know it. She crossed the plains, they told me, along in the last of the sixties. She is perhaps twenty-five years old, shy little rabbit!

If she had been a child that kiss would not

have troubled her; but a woman with a woman's heart and a woman's longing for love—

When did I see her last? Why, when I sent you that package. The first store I entered in San Francisco, there at the glove counter, was my Jem!

I could not speak. She did not look up at first, but said in a dreamy way, "What can I do for you?" and raised her eyes.

I thought she was fainting. They quickly took her away and some one in her place asked if I had been attended to. I hurried out of the store unable for an hour or more to remember my errand there.

I kept near the place, longing to see her again or to hear that she was well, cursing my stupidity in letting her get away from me again. Finally I remembered your gloves and hurried in to the glove counter, to be met by a stranger with the polite inquiry, "What can I do for you?"

"You can tell me how the lady is that was suddenly taken ill," I said.

"Oh, she recovered enough to go home. It was nothing—just a faintness, nothing more."

I sent the gloves with the three hundred dollars away back to Hoosierdom for my blessed sister's birthday. The thought never entered my head, Sis, that you would up and take that money to come and see your old brother, all alone, too. Pretty gritty girl, I take it. I am proud of you, Sis!

What's that? Yes, I went back again and again, but never saw her. No one knew her address. Finally they said she had gone away; where, they did not know, and looked at me suspiciously.

What, you help me! How, I would like to know? If I will find you a cowboy—a good, manly fellow that—by George, I'll do it! Find my Jem and just let me get my hands on her, and you shall have your cowboy. Ha, ha! yes, I am in earnest, too. What! a cowboy that works in the woods? Sis, they don't make 'em; you mean a logger. A logger will do, but you wanted a cowboy. Well, that is queer. Now, Sis, a good, manly fellow with clean, strong hands, that can look an angel in the face with clear eyes—what, black eyes! now, look here, Sis, they are not made to order. I don't know what is the color of his eyes, but you keep to your part of the bargain and I will be up to time with the one man I would be proud to call brother.

One week later. Well, Sis, seen most enough of San Francisco? What! you want to go to that house among the trees by the little turbulent river? Why, my dear Sis, that is in Washington. Did I not say so? well it is. You don't want to go up there this time of the year. I am going up there again next spring to do some surveying and you shall go with me if you care to. Tell me what put that into your head. Why, even now their winter rains have commenced and it's a chance if they see the sun again before next May. What's that! you will not wait until next spring for your cowboy? Do you think she has gone back there? We will go to-morrow. How long will it take you to get ready, Sis?

Ten days later. Here, Sis, is the river and there is the foot-log where she—

Here, take these lines—there is my Jem now!

HARRIET L. INMAN.

Arctadia, Wash.

ON THE PUGET SOUND ISLANDS.—The people on the islands don't know whether the boom has gone or not, said a gentleman who has just returned from a trip through the scenery. They have pleasant homes and the receipts from their fruit farms, together with the splendid vegetables they have raised, have placed them in comparative luxury. They're about the luckiest and most prosperous people you can find anywhere.—*Bellingham Bay (Wash.) Express.*

THE NEW LEWIS AND CLARK.

Prof. Elliott Coues, of the Smithsonian Institution, has brought out a new edition of "Lewis and Clark's Narrative." It is faithfully reprinted from the first edition of 1814, with copious critical commentaries, new maps and such notes as will enable the reader to identify the localities described, with the geographical names of the present day. Heretofore "Lewis and Clark" has been a rare book, only to be had at the high prices of collectors in London or New York. Now it is within the reach of everyone who is interested in Northwestern travel and history. We copy the following in relation to this new edition from the New York *Evening Post*:

Lewis and Clark were the first men to cross the continent in our zone, the truly golden zone. A dozen years before them, Mackenzie had crossed in British dominions far north, but settlements are even now sparse in that parallel. Still earlier had Mexicans traversed the narrowing continent from the Gulf to the Pacific, but seemed to find little worth discovery. It was otherwise in the zone penetrated by Lewis and Clark. There development began at once and is now nowhere surpassed. Along their route ten States, with a census in 1890 of eight and a half millions, have arisen in the wilderness. These millions, and more yet unborn, must betake themselves to Lewis and Clark as the discoverers of their dwelling-places, as authors to their geographical names, as describers of their aborigines, as well as of native plants, animals and peculiarities. In all these States the writings of Lewis and Clark must be monumental. In disputes about the ownership of Oregon, when it was urged that the United States could claim only the mouth of the Columbia because Capt. Gray had discovered nothing more, while a British vessel had been first to sail a hundred miles up the river, it was answered that the two American captains had explored it ten times as far. But they did very much more. They were the first that ever burst through the Rocky Mountain barrier, and they made known the practicable passes. They first opened the gates of the Pacific slope, and hence filled the valley of the Columbia with Americans. We thus obtained possession, which is proverbially nine points, and that while diplomacy was still vacillating.

The credit of our great Western discovery is due to Jefferson, though he never crossed the Alleghenies. When Columbus saw the Orinoco rushing into the ocean with irrepressible power and volume, he knew that he had anchored at the mouth of a continental river. So Jefferson, ascertaining that the Missouri, though called a branch, at once changed the character and color of the Mississippi, felt sure that whoever followed it would reach the innermost recesses of our America. Learning afterwards that Capt. Gray had pushed into the mouth of the Columbia only after nine days' breasting its outward current, he deemed that river a worthy counterpart of the Missouri, and was convinced that their headwaters could not be far apart in longitude. Inaugurated in 1801, before his first Presidential term was half over, he had obtained, as a sort of secret-service fund, the small sum which sufficed to fit out the expedition. He had also selected Lewis, his private secretary, for its head, and put him in a course of special training. But the actual voyage up the Missouri, projected April 30, 1803, was not begun till the middle of May, 1804.

Forty-five persons in three boats composed the party. They were good watermen, but navigation was arduous, the river extremely rapid, changeful in channel, and full of eddies and sawyers. The last white settlement was passed within a week, but some meat and corn could be bought of Indians, though delays were necessary for

parleys and even councils with them. Others were occasioned by hunting-parties who were kept out in quest of game. After 171 days the year's advance ended with October, for the river was ready to freeze. The distance up stream they reckoned at 1,600 miles, or little more than nine miles a day—a journey now made by railroad in forty-four hours. But it is not likely that any other men could then have laid more miles behind them. In addition to detentions already enumerated, rudders, masts, oars were often broken, and replacing them cost time; boats were swamped or overset, or could be forced onward only with tow-lines.

Winter quarters were thirty miles above the Bismarck of our day. Here there were frozen in about five months. The huts they built and abundant fuel kept them warm. Thanks to their hunters and Indian traffic, food was seldom scarce. Officials of the Hudson's Bay Company (who had a post within a week's journey) and many inquisitive natives paid them visits. From all these it was their tireless endeavor to learn everything possible concerning the great unknown of the river beyond. Scarcely one could tell about distant places from personal observation, but some secondhand reports were afterward proved strangely accurate, even as to the Great Falls, which turned out to be a thousand miles away. It was not long, however, before they learned that the wife of Chaboneau, whom they had taken as a local interpreter, was a captive whose birth had been in the Rocky Mountains. She, named the Bird-woman, was the only person discoverable after a winter's search who could by possibility serve them as interpreter and guide among the unknown tongues and labyrinthine fastness which they must encounter.

Early in April, 1805, the explorers, now numbering thirty-two, again began to urge their boats up the river, for their last year's labors had brought them no more than half-way to their first objective, its source. No more Indian purveyors or pilots; their own rifles were the sole reliance for food. Many a wigwam, but no Indian, was espied for four months and four days after they left their winter camp. It was through the great Lone Land that they groped their dark and perilous way. In twenty days after the spring start they arrived at the Yellowstone, and in thirty more they first sighted the Rocky Mountains. Making the portage at the Great Falls cost them a month of vexatious delay. Rowing on another month brought them on August 12th to a point where one of the men stood with one foot each side of the rivulet, and "thanked God that he had lived to bestride the Missouri, heretofore deemed endless." The dragged their canoes, however, up the rivulet for five days longer. It was 400 days since they had left the mouth of the river, and their mileage on its waters had been 3,096 miles. A mile further they stood on the great divide, and drank of springs which sent their water to the Pacific. But meantime they had been ready to starve in the mountains. Their hunters were of the best, but they found no game; buffaloes had gone down into the lowlands, the birds of heaven had fled, and edible roots were mostly unknown to them. For more than four months they had looked, and lo! there was no man. It was not till August 13th that, surprising a squaw so encumbered with pap-pooses that she could not escape, and winning her heart by the gift of a looking-glass and painting her cheeks, they formed friendship with her nation, one of whose chiefs proved to be a brother of their Bird-woman. Horses were about all they could obtain of these natives, streams were too full of rapids to be navigable, or no timber fit for canoes was within reach. So the party, subsisting on horse-flesh, and afterwards on dog-meat, toiled on along one of the worst possible routes. Nor was it till the seventh of October

that they were able to embark in logs they had burned hollow, upon the branch of the Columbia, which, after manifold portages and perils, bore them to its mouth and the goal of their pilgrimage, late in November. Its distance from the starting-point, according to their estimate, was 4,134 miles.

A winter of disappointment followed, for no whaler or fur trader appeared to supply the wayfarers with food or clothing or trinkets for the purchase of necessities on the homeward journey. Game was so scarce that it is possible they would have starved had not a whale been stranded near them—sent, they said, not as to Jonah, to swallow him, but for them to swallow. In the spring of 1806, when they turned their despairing faces away from the Pacific, all the beads and gewgaws for presents to savages and procuring supplies during their home stretch to the Mississippi might have been tied up in two handkerchiefs, if they had any such articles. Their last tobacco had been consecrated to the celebration of Christmas, and the last whiskey had been drunk on the previous 4th of July. All roads homeward are downhill. A forced march of six months brought the discoverers from the ocean to St. Louis, September 23rd, 1806, though they were obliged to halt for a month for mountain snows to melt. From first to last not a man had perished through accident, wild men, or wild beasts, and only one through sickness.

Many an episode in this eventful transcontinental march and countermarch will hereafter glorify with romantic associations islands, rivers, rocks, canons and mountains all along its track. Among those none can be more touching than the story of the Bird-woman, her divination of routes, her courage when men quailed, her reunion with her long-lost brother, her spreading as good a table with bones as others could with meat, her morsel of bread for an invalid benefactor, her presence with her infant attesting to savages that the expedition could not be hostile. But when bounties in land and money were granted to others, she was unthought of. Statues of her, however, must be reared by grateful dwellers in lands she laid open for their happy homes. Western poets will liken her to Ariadne and Beatrice.

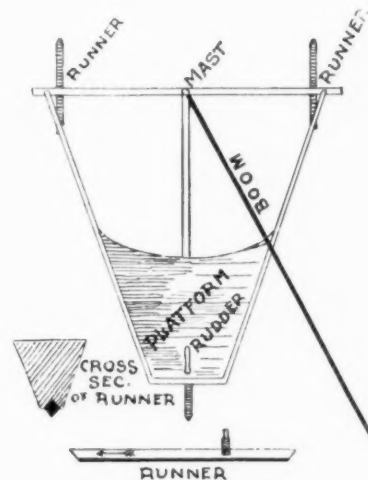
ICE-BOATING ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

Ice-boating may truly be said to be in its infancy, as yet, in Superior, says the *Telegram*, but the coming season will undoubtedly see a fleet of boats that will remind the residents of the Empire State of the inspiring sight daily to be witnessed at any point on the Hudson River. Unlike skating and tobogganing, ice-boating can only be enjoyed under certain conditions, for the prerequisites to a sail are smooth ice—free from snow—and a comfortable wind. However, the winters are usually of such a character that both St. Louis and Superior bays present unexcelled sailing grounds. An ice-boat is easily constructed and can, if desired, be quite cheaply built. The size cuts no figure, but a boat twenty feet long will carry more sail than one ten feet long and consequently will be able to move with greater speed. An inexpensive boat can be built as follows:

The cross piece in front should be 3 inches thick by 8 inches wide and 10 feet long; the center piece 3x8 inches, 14 feet long; the side pieces 2x4 inches, 15 feet long, terminating either against the center piece or a 3x8 board a couple of feet long. These should be placed "on edge" and firmly bolted or nailed together as shown in the accompanying cut. The runners or skates should be three in number, two of which are fastened firmly to the cross piece in such a manner as to easily turn as a rudder. The runners, which should be about three feet long, may be

made of wood or iron. If the former is used the shoes should be made of square iron arranged so that one corner of the iron will bear upon the ice and not the flat surface usually employed. How it should be fixed is also shown in cut. The ends of this shoe should be flattened and with holes drilled at either end it can easily and permanently be fastened to the runner. The runner should be hung upon a pivot that permits perfect oscillation without lateral motion, and should be connected firmly in front to the cross piece and in the rear as previously explained. The boat should be boarded over part way, but to cover entirely affords too much surface for the wind to toy with and thus make its unsteadiness more certain.

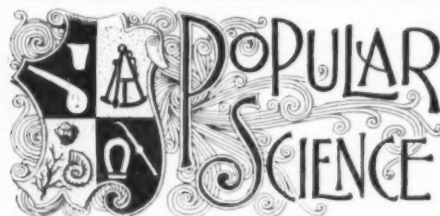
The boat from which these measurements were taken has just been built by P. G. Stratton, who for three years has possessed one of these inex-



pensive luxuries. An ice-boat appears to be nothing but a cloud of canvas. This is due to the fact that nothing save one of the modern yachts will carry so much sail. The sails to be used by Mr. Stratton are simply immense and measure as follows: Boom, 23 feet; gaff, fourteen feet and hoist 16 feet. In addition he will carry a jib with a boom of 15 feet and a hoist 13 feet. Of course only a mainsail need be used, and it can be considerably smaller than the one described, though it may safely stated that the greater the sail the greater the speed. Of course, ice-boats can be built either larger or smaller than the one described; and boys "back East" improvise tiny ones with their skates for runners that afford more pleasure than a "barrel of monkeys."

A WILD COUNTRY.

A small party of surveyors has just returned from a trip of inspection in the mountainous country between Tillamook Head and Nehalem Bay, Washington. It is a very wild country, and some strange characters are met. Women wear gunnysack dresses, and wild men of Borneo come into the town about once a year to carry back beans and bacon over the toilsome trails. Elk as big as cows come out of the wilderness thickets to pass the time of day with the solitary climber, and one can kill enough trout for dinner with a few strokes of a stout stick in a mountain stream. Away up at the head of one of these tortuous trails lives Aamold, the violinist who has paid \$3,000 for some scenery he calls a ranch; and the surveyors saw his refined London wife coming down the mountain astride of a horse with her baby across her lap. It seems a pretty tough country to live in, but some body has to go there to do surveying, and in this way the maps of unsurveyed lands can be delineated on the new maps as they are constantly coming out. —*Oregonian*.



A Novel Theory About Fertilizers.

Here is an idea from Professor Foster, the weather man, which knocks in the head some of the old ideas as to why fertilizers are valuable:

A dead animal of any kind, fish, fowl or beast, buried near the roots of a fruit or other tree will cause a wonderful growth. The animal substance does not pass into the vegetable, but being a natural and powerful generator of electricity, increases the current that passes from the atmosphere to the earth and thereby a large quantity of support is drawn from the atmosphere. You can grow a good crop of potatoes on a brick pavement if moisture is retained and the potato vines are connected with moist earth by copper wires.

The Lost Tail.

When one passes from the head to the other extremity of the human body, one comes upon a somewhat unexpected but very pronounced characteristic—the relic of the tail, and not only of the tail, but of muscles for wagging it. Everyone who first sees a human skeleton is amazed at this discovery. At the end of the vertebral column, curving faintly outward in suggestive fashion, are three, four and occasionally five vertebrae forming the coccyx, a true rudimentary tail. In the adult this is always concealed beneath the skin, but in the embryo, both in man and ape, at an early stage it is much longer than the limbs. What is decisive as to its true nature, however, is that even in the embryo of man the muscles for wagging it are still found. In the grown-up human being these muscles are represented by bands of fibrous tissue, but cases are known where the actual muscles persist through life. That a distinct external tail should not be still found in man may seem disappointing to the evolutionist. But the want of a tail argues more for evolution than its presence would have done. It would have been contrary to the theory of descent had he possessed a longer tail. For all the anthropoids most allied to men have also long since parted with theirs.—*Professor Henry Drummond, in McClure's Magazine.*

Anatomy of the Oyster.

Every oyster has a mouth, a heart, a liver, a stomach, besides many curiously devised little intestines and other organs—necessary organs, such as would be handy to a living, moving, intelligent creature.

The mouth is at the end of the shell near the hinge and adjoining the toothed portion of the oyster's pearly covering. This tiny little apology of a mouth is oval in shape, and, though hardly visible to one unused to making such anatomical examinations, can be easily discovered by gently pushing a bodkin or piece of blunt, smooth wire along the surface of the locality mentioned. When the mouth is at last located you can thrust your instrument through between the delicate lips and a considerable distance toward the stomach without causing the oyster the least pain whatever. From this mouth there is, of course, a miniature canal leading to the stomach. Food passes through this canal to the stomach and from the latter organ into the intestines, just as really as though the little bivalve were as large as an elephant or rhinoceros. Remove the shell (this operation is rather rough on the oyster, but can be done in a comparatively painless manner by an expert,) and you can see the crescent, which lies just over the so-called

heart. This half-moon space is the oyster's pericardium. Within is the true heart, the pulsations of which can be readily seen without the aid of a glass. The heart is very human-like, made of two parts, one of which receives the blood from the gills through a network of real vessels, the other portion contracts and drives the blood out through the body. The other organs of an oyster's anatomy are all in their proper places and performing their several functions.—*St. Louis Republic.*

What Makes us Tired.

Everyone, even the most robust and healthy, gets weary, tired out sometimes. If it were not so we should not need to sleep, but could work on continuously as long as life lasts. What is it that makes us tired? Hard work will be the answer of everyone. But let us push our inquiry a little further. Why is it that hard work makes tired? Physiologists have all along taught that work causes wear and tear of the body, that during the hours of labor certain forces and tissues and also nutriment of the blood is used up and that the feeling of weariness is a warning from nature that rest is required. This has satisfied most people, but an Italian scientist has been trying to find out some other reason. To do this he made some rather cruel experiments on dogs. He took three at a time, as nearly alike as possible, fed them on the same food, and then worked and worried one of them until he was tired out. Then he transfused a given quantity of the blood from the tired dog into the veins of the one which had not been wearied and found that it also had all the symptoms of weariness and languor in a lesser degree. To test the matter further, another experiment was made at another time, in which a similar amount of blood from a dog not wearied was injected into his system, when it was found that this blood did not give him symptoms of weariness. These experiments often repeated had the same results. From this he drew the conclusion that work causes the production of some poison which fatigues us. This fatigue passes off when by rest nature is able to remove it through those channels provided for this purpose. We may say it is a species of self poisoning. No doubt there is much truth in this and it agrees well with our hygienic beliefs that those who keep the skin, bowels, kidneys and lungs healthy will not become wearied so quickly as those who do not, for these organs will more speedily remove the poisons generated by labor out of the system.—*Journal of Hygiene.*

Measurement of Brain Work.

A very great impetus was given to scientific investigation by the doctrine of the conservation of energy as used in the physical sciences. Joule showed first that heat can be measured in units of work, and Tyndall, acting upon Faraday's suggestions, ascertained that heat, light and electricity are only modes of motion. With these discoveries it then becomes necessary to reconstruct all the prevalent ideas entertained in regard to the measurement of force in its various forms. The physicists, thus surprised and delighted, saw a new field to be occupied; the mathematicians devised a new algebra and geometry to meet the demands of this sudden extension in scientific investigation. Ohms, volts, amperes, and other electrical terms, no longer the special property of the occult few, grew into daily use as familiar words in many households. Energy, or the capacity for doing work, was given a wider meaning than it ever had before. The tendency to measure forces of all kinds in powers of working units manifested itself in all the physical and biological sciences. To change the place or form of energy, the power necessary to do it was estimated in units of work.

To apply this method of investigation to the

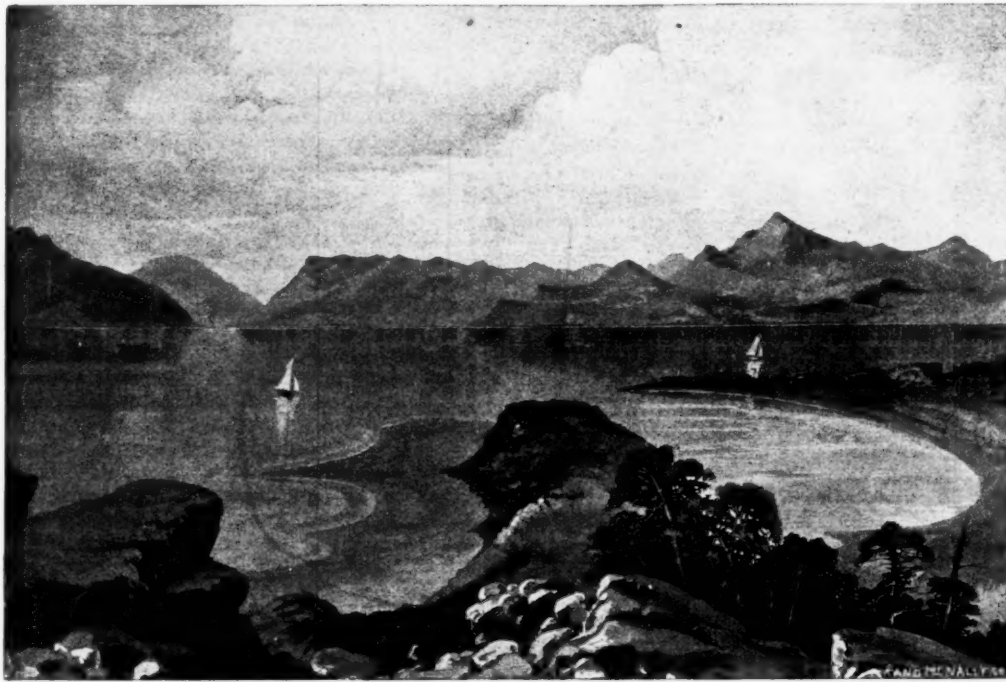
process of thinking, was conceived as the only correct way of determining the molecular changes in the brain substance itself. Heat, light, electricity, being modes of motion, thought must also be a mode of motion, produced by the vibration of the brain substance.

If so many tons of coal, by setting free the potential heat it contains, is converting water into steam, and the steam exerts a force sufficient when utilized to haul a train of cars from St. Louis to Kansas City, why would not the food and drink that a human being takes into his system during a day be the right basis for estimating his thought producing power. A possible physical method of recording thoughts as the result of the molecular changes in the brain cells, corresponding to the molecular changes in matter as registered, appears both plausible and probable.

Men have always studied the phenomena of things more distant from themselves than of those not so remote. Chemistry and electricity in their modern aspects and future possibilities had not been born when celestial mechanics was far advanced upon a strictly scientific basis. Such has been the wonderful progress in physics, chemistry and electricity, that many have become somewhat impatient, because the instruments employed in estimating the forces liberated in these sciences, cannot give accurate data in foot-pounds, volts, farads, ohms, coulombs, ergs, or dynes, in terms of mental phenomena. Yet the effort to find a common measure for these material sciences in terms of thought-force, tends to illustrate the demand to obtain equivalents in mind work for the amount of food material consumed by the body.

In another form, the energy expended by the teacher in instructing children should appear in the children in another equivalent form without any loss by transmission whatever. To measure an immaterial product by a material unit, is the thought-form of the mind trained under the present system of exact dealing with energy as it is converted from one form to another. This is the physical basis of life and thought.

If it be admitted that physical energy is the ability to do work, whether it be physical or mental, then it becomes a school question of the first magnitude, when it is proposed that teaching shall be done with the least economical expenditure of brain and nerve force. Chemistry, explaining its own operations, assumes that material phenomena must be explained by other material phenomena. In material things, force is revealed through energy; but mental movements undoubtedly originate differently. The strength of a thought in a teacher's mind may make no perceptible impression whatever on the mind of a child, and if the conditions be changed, the mind energy of the child may, or may not, affect in the least the teacher's thoughts. The one is not always, indeed seldom is, a correlation of the other. All good teaching, which depends solely upon the correlation of mind forces between the teacher and the learner, implies that both must pass imperceptibly into sympathetic relations. Each mind is a center of force within itself, and this is the reason why power, force or energy cannot be transferred from one mind directly to another. This statement may need to be explained, and while there is always more or less liability to confusion in drawing parallels between physical objects and mental modes of thinking, yet it often occurs that simple illustrations, or concrete examples, help to make abstract propositions simpler and easier of comprehension. If we suppose a dry goods merchant decides to give his attention to one line of his goods, and that he neglects all other branches of his business, people would call him short-sighted, and for the obvious reason that his view of business was too restricted. Again, suppose a farmer owns a fertile farm, every acre of which pro-



GREAT SALT LAKE AND WAHSATCH MOUNTAINS.

duces excellent crops, and that he has hands and implements to till every foot of it, but he prefers to let nearly all of it grow up into weeds, while he raises a small crop on a very insignificant part of his farm. People, then, would call him shortsighted. In both cases the merchant and farmer fail to work all their business. In a similar manner a teacher may exercise only a fractional part of the child's brain area, and the remainder goes to waste. Large areas of brain tracts lie uncultivated. The illustrations are analogous and the same principle underlies all three cases. —J. M. Greenwood, in *Education*.

The Dead Sea of America.

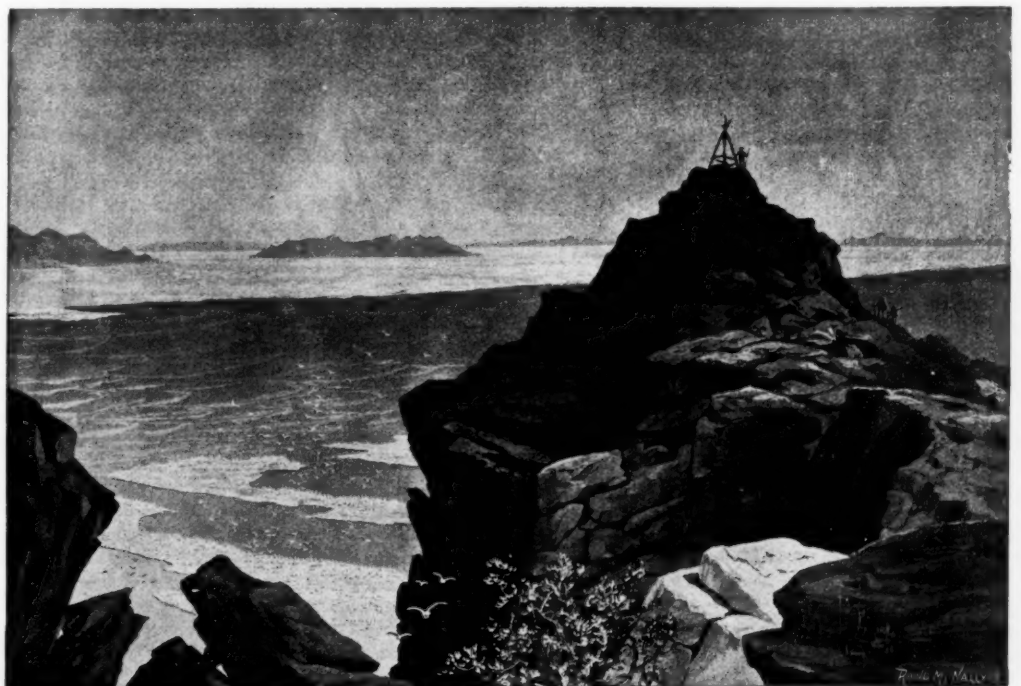
Great Salt Lake is a remarkable and extensive body of water, in the north of Utah Territory; giving name to Salt Lake City, the Mormon metropolis, which is twelve miles from its southeast extremity. The lake lies in one of the great valleys or basins of the Rocky Mountains, and is about seventy miles long and thirty miles broad, yet its average depth is only seven or eight feet, and nowhere exceeds a depth of thirty-three feet. Its surface is 4,200 feet above sea-level. In the middle of the lake, several islands rise about 3,250 feet above the level of the water; the principal island is in latitude $41^{\circ} 10'$ north and long. $112^{\circ} 21'$ west. The islands are nine in number; one is twelve miles, another sixteen miles in length. The water of the lake is so salt as to form one of the purest and most concentrated brines known in the world, and contains twenty-two per cent of chloride of sodium, slightly mixed with other salts. It is refreshing to bathe in and singularly buoyant; but the swallowing of a mouthful causes strangulation, and a drop in the eye raises acute pain. Several species of insects and a crustacean (*Artemia*) have been found in its waters, but no fishes. Vast flocks of gulls, ducks and geese frequent the shores. The country around is mostly very desolate. The lake receives from the south by the Jordan, the waters of the Utah Lake, which are fresh, and

those of the Bear River from the north; but it has no outlet. In the quality of the water and in the wild, desolate scenery around, it resembles the Dead Sea. The first mention of the Great Salt Lake was by La Hontan, in 1689, who heard of it from the Indians. It was first explored and described in 1843 by Col. Fremont.

A Vast Power.

An artesian well opened up at Chamberlain in South Dakota some time ago, is credited with a flow of water thrown fourteen feet above the surface, of 8,000 gallons per minute. That would constitute a pretty fair sort of small river. It is the largest in this country, and it is believed in the world. The one at Huron delivers 3,000 a minute, and was regarded as a big thing. Most of the artesian wells in that State are in the James Valley, but Chamberlain is on the Mis-

This should teach us to bear in mind that there is, affecting the dog's point of view, almost undoubtedly such a thing as cynomorphism, and that he has his peculiar and limited ideas of life and range of mental vision, and therefore perforce makes his artificial surroundings square with them. It has been said that a man stands to his dog in the position of a god; but when we consider that our own conceptions of deity lead us to a general idea of an enormously powerful and omniscient man, who loves, hates, desires, rewards and punishes, in humanlike fashion, it involves no strain of imagination to conceive that from the dog's point of view his master is an elongated and abnormally cunning dog; of different shape and manners certainly to the common run of dogs, yet canine in his essential nature.—Dr. Louis Robinson, in *The Popular Science Monthly*.

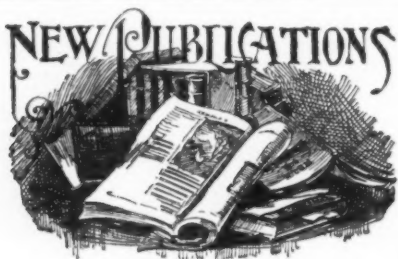


LOOKOUT PROMONTORY, GREAT SALT LAKE

souri, as is Pierre, which has several fine wells. These subterranean waters seem to underlie the whole State, waiting for opening to serve its people. What that service may be in the coming century even a dreamer could not now picture. Among the earliest suggestions would be a vast power for manufacturing and mechanical purposes, then a system of irrigation that will render the farmers good crops every year.—*Northwestern Farmer*.

The Dog's Idea of Man.

As has been said, our custom of ascribing human faculties and modes of thought is an involuntary and invariable one when we are dealing with the mental processes of other beings. Even when we speak of the supernatural the same habit is manifest, and human passions, emotions and weaknesses are constantly ascribed to beings presumed to be infinitely more remote from use in power and knowledge than we are from the dog. Thus we see in the not very distant past, roasted flesh and fruits were thought by men to be acceptable to the gods; doubtless because they were pleasing to the palates of the worshippers, who reasoned by analogy from the known to the unknown.



The happy idea occurred lately to a Buffalo firm of publishers, Underhill & Nichols, that a souvenir book on Niagara Falls written by authors of wide fame would be welcomed by the public. In the working out of this idea, W. D. Howells and Mark Twain were enlisted to write about the scenic and social features of the place, Prof. Shaler to treat of its geology and other writers to take up special features. A number of handsome engravings were made and the result is an exceedingly readable and attractive book, which will be sure to find a place in the library of all tourists who buy it to help them see the Falls and understand them. The book is not only a very useful guide-book, but it is also a work of literature and art.

The name of Bliss Carman has become somewhat known of late to readers of Eastern magazines as a writer of short poems in a minor key, that show a subtle appreciation of the different phases of nature on a Northern seacoast in their relations to the moods of a sensitive mind and that touch now and then a high note of true poetic feeling. Mr. Carman has gathered a few of his lyrics into a little volume to which he has given the title of "Low Tide on Grand Pre." It is published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York. The scenery of the Acadian land of Nova Scotia, which found its first poetic interpretation in Longfellow's "Evangeline," furnishes the motive of many of these delicately-shaded lyrics, but only as the phases of sea and sky and landscapes serve as the chords of music upon which a melody of lofty thought or passionate longing is formed. A few extracts will show the peculiar melancholy, suggestive quality of Mr. Carman's verse better than any elaborate criticism. Here are two stanzas from "Seven Things:"

"The sound of the sea in storm,
Hearing its captain cry,
When the wild, white riders form
And the Ride to the Dark draws nigh.
But last and best, the urge
Of the great world's desire,
Whose being from core to verge,
Only attains to aspire."

In "A Northern Vigil" these lines admirably picture the impression made by winter twilight on the seashore: "When day puts out to sea And night makes in for land," and the picture is thus strengthened further on in the poem: "When the zenith moon is round And the snow-wraiths gather and run." We turn the page and come to these lines expressive of loneliness and longing:

"The windows of my room
Are dark with bitter frost,
The stillness aches with doom
Of something loved and lost."

Here are some very dainty and effective touches of nature painting:

"Outside, a yellow maple tree
Shifting upon the silvery blue,
With small, innumerable sound
Rustled to let the sunlight through.

The livelong day the elfish leaves
Danced with their shadows on the floor;
And the lost children of the wood
Went straying by our door.

And all the swarthy afternoon
We watched the great deliberate sun
Walk through the crimsoned, hazy world,
Counting his hill tops one by one."

In the poem entitled "Pulvis and Umbra,"

which is perhaps the best sustained effort in the volume, occurs this hint of the life to come after death:

"For man walks the world in twilight,
But the morn shall wipe all trace
Of the dust from off his forehead
And the shadow from his face."

The following poem entitled "Through the Twilight" suggests the feeling of the near presence of the souls of dear friends who have passed on to immortal life that often comes to impressionable natures at the quiet hour when day is lapsing into night:

"The red vines bar my window way;
The Autumn sleeps beside his fire,
For he has sent his fleet-foot day
A year's march back to bring me
One face whose smile is my desire,
Its light my star.

Surely you will come near and speak,
This calm of death from the day to sever!
And so I shall draw down your cheek
Close to my face—So close!—and know
God's hand between our hands forever
Will set no bar.

Before the dusk falls—even now
I know your step along the gravel,
And catch your quiet poise of brow,
And wait so long till you turn the latch!
Is the way so hard you had to travel?
Is the land so far?

The dark has shut your eyes from mine,
But in this hush of brooding weather
A gleam of twilight's gathering line
Has riven the barriers of dream:
Soul of my soul, we are together
As the angels are!"

The Marquis de Villeroche is a typical royalist and old-school gentleman who lives with his wife, a grown son and a daughter just from the convent school, in the ancestral family chateau near Rouen, in France. The Marquis has been to the American Northwest to look after some lands left by his father and there became the fast friend of an old frontiersman, a Frenchman born, who had passed nearly all his life in the wilderness and had accumulated a fortune. The frontiersman, whose name is Barton, has also a son and daughter. The two fathers arranged that when the young people are old enough a marriage should be brought about between Barton's son and the daughter of the Marquis. Years go by and at last John Barton and his sister Sarah arrive at the Chateau des Ormes, accompanied by a valet. The valet is the real John Barton in disguise and the young man who passes for John is a cousin. This clever scheme was devised to enable John to study the character of the girl his father had committed him to marry before he commits himself. The contrast between the manners and ideas of the Americans, fresh from Minnesota, and the formal, polite and narrow-minded people of the chateau gives zest to a clever story of stratagem, cross purposes and final happiness for all concerned. This is in brief the theme of a novel by Albert Rhodes, published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, (price 50 cents.) Rhodes was for many years American consul in one of the provincial cities of France and knows well the people and the life he describes.

"In the Bundle of Time," by Arlo Bates, is a collection of short stories and interludes quite in keeping with that author's usual versatility. Born at East Machias, Maine, he is another of the talented Maine writers who claim Bowdoin College for their *Alma Mater*. In 1876 he went to Boston and soon made his mark as a poet, novelist, literary correspondent and editor. He is the author of those charming monthly letters from Boston which add so much flavor to the *Bookbuyer*. "The Witch of Harpswell" is perhaps the most powerful story in "The Bundle of Time,"—the refrain,—"Oh, but she was my life!" recurring at frequent intervals, while the mob is quarreling over the body of the Quakeress, Goodwife Stover, has

that same weird effect upon one's nerves as the ringing of the bells in Ereckman-Chartrain's adaptation of "The Polish Jew," made familiar to Americans by the genius of Irving. (Roberts Brothers, Boston, \$1.00.)

"A Singer From the Sea," by Amelia E. Barr, author of "Jan Fedder's Wife," etc., is another of those stirring stories of the Cornish Coast which have made that author so popular. It is the record of a vigorous, talented Cornish girl possessing a magnificent voice, who married an indolent man above herself in station. She went upon the stage and came to America, only to fail through lack of early training. After some success and many failures, her husband died—and she returned to her Cornish home to marry her old love and to be the light of her parents' eyes. This story is told with all of Mrs. Barr's pathos, simplicity and attention to homely details,—the Cornish John and Joan being the best characters in the book. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, \$1.25.)

"Broadoaks," by M. G. McClelland, author of "Oblivion," etc., is a story of a search for gold by a Northern prospector among the spurs of the Blue Ridge in Virginia. The characters are all Southern except Mr. Redwood, who interested a syndicate in an old gold mine which had been worked over and over again from generation to generation without any practical results—till the old Virginian families had lost all their faith in it. The verbal transfer of property common among Virginian families before the war is touched upon, as well as many other old customs peculiar to that commonwealth. While the author is peculiarly happy in her delineation of Southern types, she scarcely does justice to her Northern ones. But still "Broadoaks" is a very stirring and interesting story and Colonel Kennedy and his family are characteristic Virginian types of fiction. Miss McClelland is one of the new writers whose success all the reading world is watching with profound interest. (Price, McGill & Co., St. Paul, \$1.00.)

"Sultan to Sultan," by M. French-Sheldon, who styles herself Bebe Bwana, is one of the handsomest books published by the Arena Co. It is the record of a woman's travels in the heart of Africa without any civilized escort. She saw much more of the customs and manners of the tribes she visited than the ordinary African traveler, and but for an accident in crossing a stream would have journeyed a thousand miles without any serious mishaps. She would seem to have been treated with every possible courtesy by the savage tribes she visited, who regarded her as a superior creature. No woman could have attempted such a feat who was unaware of her possession of nerve, magnetism and control over barbarians. So long as the world lasts there will always be mannish women like Rosa Bonheur and womanish men like Washington Allston. And we suppose, if by thus losing sight of their misplaced sex, they can better add to the art, literature or information of the world—it is better for those classes to be a law unto themselves. But we think the great majority of women should follow the example of the highest feminine types of the century and live and act within feminine bounds. As the poet who clings to art is assisted by the poetic laws—so the woman who can live her highest life within conventional bounds is strengthened by the restraints of it. (Arena Publishing Co., Boston.)

"The Meaning and the Method of Life, a Search for Religion in Biology," by George M. Gould, A. M., M. D., is perhaps the most sincere effort which has yet been made by scientists to form a new religion out of science. There are

many original ideas in the book and there are also some hackneyed ones. Perhaps the most caustic chapter is upon "Immortality," which the author does not believe in. While the author accepts all the facts of science—he does not accept the cold mechanism of science and thinks the Agnostic and the Pessimist are far away from the truth—and on the other hand he blames the egoism of the Christian. There are many eloquent passages in the book—if the reader is willing to search for them and to swallow the work with the grain of salt so often commended; as "Our life is but the surface embroidery worked upon the strong warp and woof of other men's services, and of dead men's deeds. We have taken of the life of every soldier of history who fought for the right and the liberty that we enjoy; we have taken of the life of every student and investigator who wore out mind and life for us; of every legislator and judge who by his own self-renunciation kept pure for us the ideas and practice of justice." (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

MARY J. REID.

A POSSIBILITY.

Eighteen years ago an Eastern capitalist made a loan in St. Paul on the security of a valuable improved piece of real estate. As the mortgage matured it was again and again renewed. For eighteen years the creditor received his interest punctually every six months, without a day's delay. But last September, in the midst of the financial crisis, the debtor was unable to raise the whole amount of the interest due. He brought in half the amount to the loan agency, however, and said he expected to be able to pay the rest in a month or six weeks. The loan agency reported the facts to the Eastern creditor, writing also that the debtor was a man of strict integrity and that the security had become worth five or six times the amount of the loan. By return of mail came back a bitter letter denouncing the West in general for dishonesty and demanding that the loan should be closed up as soon as possible and capital and interest sent back to the lender. This incident gives a glimpse of the monstrous egotism that rules some people's natures. If the Theosophists are right that man will have to go through a great many re-incarnations before he has developed sufficient kindness and regard for the welfare of others to fit him for heaven. In his next incarnation he may be a hog.

S.

THE COMING MAN.

Let them write on:

When he gets ready he will come to us
And tell us something new.
Or, if not new, he will so clothe his thoughts
With raiment radiant that old-time forms
Will be new toys to us of strange design,
Of which we will not tire.

He will pick up old things and give a twist
Of his new art so simply erudite,
That they will seem strange forms to dream about,
Like meteorites cast from the unknown space,
Of unknown source and unknown substances.

Old rules shall fall before him; nothing now
That frets and binds us shall be guide to him;
And yet in all that seem the equities,
He shall in naught offend us,—
Pure and sweet, and plainly elegant;
Sad, yet unorbid; gay, yet all reserved;
In all of this he shall make new departures.
—Welcome him!

L. A. OSBORNE.

THE ETERNITY OF LIFE.

Each life is to itself eternal.
Aware of neither birth nor death;
How'er remote the search internal
It knows not of its waking breath.
Nor doth it know when falls the curtain
Upon the thought that was to be—
And thus within its sphere uncertain
Each life is an eternity.

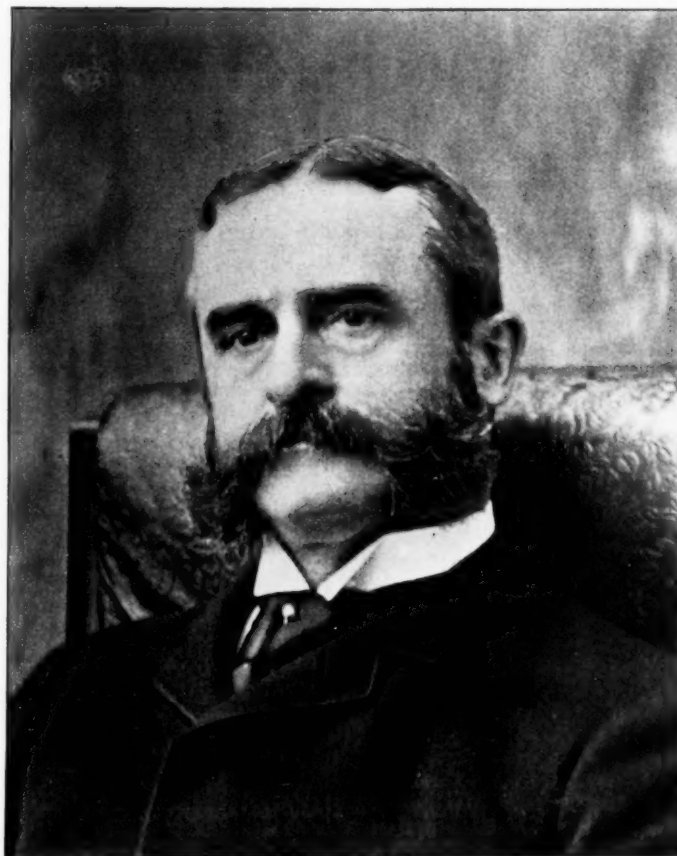
CLIFFORD HOWARD.

BRAYTON IVES, PRESIDENT N. P. R. R. CO.

Brayton Ives, of New York City, the new president of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, is the tenth man to fill that position, his predecessors, in their order, being Josiah Perham, J. Gregory Smith, Geo. W. Cass, Chas. B. Wright, Ashbel H. Barney, Frederick Billings, Henry Villard, Robert Harris and Thomas F. Oakes. Mr. Ives was born in Connecticut and is about fifty-one years of age. He is at the head of the Western National Bank and has for many years been one of the leading financiers of Wall Street. He graduated at Yale College in 1861 and immediately entered the army as a lieutenant and adjutant in a Connecticut infantry regi-

ments. In 1890 he was elected president of the Western National Bank, one of the strongest monetary institutions in the country. His associates in the board of directors were several of the most prominent financiers in the city, the list including such men as Chauncey M. Depew, president New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company; William C. Whitney, ex-Secretary of the Navy and head of the Whitney-Pine-Widener syndicate of millionaires, and Henry B. Hyde, president of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, the largest and richest corporation of its kind in the world.

In 1886 Mr. Ives entered the Northern Pacific board under the presidency of Robert Harris and served for three years until the return of



BRAYTON IVES.

ment. He soon became a captain and in 1863 was placed in command of a cavalry regiment by Gen. Sheridan. He was a daring young officer, with an element of solidity and prudence in his character that soon marked him as one fit to be entrusted with higher commands than were often conferred on officers of his youthful years, and in 1864 he was promoted to the colonelcy of the First Connecticut Cavalry. At the close of the war he was promoted to be brigadier general at the special request of Gen. Sheridan. The Civil War was often spoken of by Gen. Grant in his later years as a young men's war, but there were very few engaged on either side who reached the rank of general, as Ives did, at the age of twenty-four.

In 1866 Mr. Ives went to New York and established himself as a broker in Wall Street. For many years his firm of Brayton Ives & Co. was one of the most prominent of those represented on the New York Stock Exchange. In 1878 he was elected president of the exchange and the following year he was re-elected, being the first man to be chosen to that office for two successive

terms. He made a tour of the road and familiarized himself with its character and resources, and during his service on the board was one of its best-informed and most active members. He is reputed to be a millionaire several times over, and enjoys a social standing on a par with his financial reputation. He is a great admirer of art and a famous connoisseur of books, his library being without doubt the most valuable collection of ancient and rare books and manuscripts in this country. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, of the Union League, the University, the Grolier, and other clubs.

Mr. Ives is a man of quick, active, nervous temperament, courteous manners and industrious habits. He gets through a great deal of work every day but manages to find time for social enjoyment and for the cultivation of his tastes for literature and art. He is a good organizer and will no doubt have much to do with formulating plans for taking the Northern Pacific out of the hands of receivers and placing it upon its feet again financially.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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ST. PAUL, DECEMBER, 1893.

THE ALARMING INCREASE IN RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

During the months of August, September and October of this year, ninety-seven persons were killed and 296 injured on the railways of this country. The casualties were mainly on old trunk lines, like the Grand Trunk, the Big Four, the West Shore, the Wabash and the Illinois Central. Even the well-managed Pennsylvania did not escape the epidemic of collisions and had two accidents with fatal results to trainmen, but luckily not to passengers.

Of course the great World's Fair traffic had much to do with these calamities. So many extra passenger trains were run that inexperienced men were necessarily put in charge of many of them, freight engineers and conductors being promoted temporarily to passenger runs; but there is a deeper underlying cause to be found in the reduction of railway revenues that has resulted from the cut-throat rate wars and the constant clamor from the press and the public for lower fares and freights. In no country in the world is railway service as cheap as in the United States, and consequently in no country are railways run with so few men in proportion to the business done and so small an expenditure on tracks, bridges and machinery. Every railway manager will say that if he could spend more money in operating his line he could make travel much safer.

We greatly need a counter agitation to this insensate and deadly movement for low rates that has sent scores of good roads into bankruptcy and forced them and hundreds of others that are still struggling to keep out of the hands of receivers, to reduce their track, train and shop forces and allow rails, ties, bridges, road-beds and cars to fall below the safe standard of efficiency and security. All efforts to further reduce railway incomes, whether they proceed from belligerent traffic managers or from Populist legislators or newspapers, are murderous. If successful they mean still greater insecurity to life and limb on the rail.

NORTHERN PACIFIC AFFAIRS.

It is probable that a year or two will elapse before the affairs of the Northern Pacific get into such a shape that the road can be taken out of the control of the courts, either by a foreclosure sale or by a reorganization of the company effected by the united action of the bondholders and stockholders. The first thing to be done is to ascertain what the normal earnings of the road are going to be after the temporary depression in business is over. The road is now freed from all interest burdens on account of branch lines and Chicago terminals. All the branches are in the hands of separate receiverships, created one for each State where the branches are located. The receivers for the Northern Pacific, by direction of the United States courts, have made traffic contracts with the receivers of the branches. These contracts are based upon the opinion of an expert and disinterested railroad man, the traffic manager of the Erie, as to what proportion of the rates between points on the main line and points on the branches should accrue to the branches. So this matter is adjusted on a basis that cannot be fairly criticized by any of the parties in interest. Several months must elapse before there can be such a general revival of business as will demonstrate what are to be in future the regular earnings of the N. P. under its new conditions. When this is shown by a reasonable length of experience the stock and bondholders can begin efforts to get together on some equitable basis of reorganization. It is not at all probable that the road will be sold under foreclosure. It is much too valuable a property to be crowded to such a length. Nor is it probable that any money actually invested in it will ultimately be lost. Perhaps some classes of bonds may be scaled down in their interest, but the principal is secure and a moderate income on the principal will be earned and paid as soon as times improve.

The recent proceedings in the United States Circuit Court at St. Paul, before Judge Caldwell, were what the lawyers call ancillary to those taken in Milwaukee last August for the appointment of receivers. The Milwaukee proceedings were for the protection of the property against suits and executions that might result in some one or more States on unpaid judgments. No interest had at that time been defaulted on any of the mortgages, but it was known that the company would not be in a condition to pay the interest soon to become due. The St. Paul proceedings were based on the fact that an actual default had occurred in the interest on the second, third and consolidated mortgage bonds and were in the nature of the first steps in a foreclosure. Judge Caldwell appointed the same receivers named by Judge Jenkins and directed that all future proceedings should be taken before the courts at Milwaukee. Thus the receivers will get all future orders from Judge Jenkins. Judge Caldwell further ordered that priority in the payment of the obligations of the road should be given to claims for labor and supplies; to judgments already of record and to certain claims for which trust companies have given bonds as sureties on appeals. All such claims are prior liens to the mortgages.

The Northern Pacific is in excellent physical condition. Its roadbed, tracks and equipment have always been kept up to a higher standard than usually prevails on Western roads. It has suffered no heavier loss of business than other great transcontinental lines. Already the traffic receipts begin to show evidences of a return to natural and healthful conditions. By midsummer next we may expect to see the old earnings restored. Then the holders of the different classes of securities can begin to make plans for a reorganization. They will then know how much money they can count upon to divide after the interest of the first general mortgage bonds is paid.

SHEEP RAISING IN NORTH DAKOTA.

Past experience has demonstrated that ordinary wheat raising in Western North Dakota is not a regularly profitable industry. The early settlers of that region, who immigrated with the sole object of wheat-growing, seem to have studied the natural conditions and resources of the country to little purpose or advantage. Of late years some little attention has been given to sheep and wool growing, and it is being gradually demonstrated that no portion of the country is better adapted to that business. The range is practically limitless; the climate is in every way suitable; the feed is abundant, and the fine, natural grasses make the very best hay possible for sheep. The soil or season which may fail to produce a wheat crop could scarcely fail to yield large returns of turnips or other roots essential to best success in sheep raising. Farmers who have "tried turnips and failed" would probably fail in any enterprise that required thought, ingenuity or new methods. Because root-crops, sowed as late in the season as is customary in localities east of the Mississippi River, do not seem to do well because of lack of moisture, there is as yet no reason to suppose that crop failure would result if the turnip or rutabaga seeds were put in early enough to get the benefit of the June rains. So far as the Alkali in the soil is concerned, it is well known that cultivation soon eradicates it altogether. Western North Dakota is so eminently adapted in every way to sheep and wool growing that it is only a question of time when the vast ranges now unoccupied will be alive with fleecy flocks, and the now profitless plains will become the best producing portion of North Dakota.

GOLD PRODUCTION INCREASING.

Montana and Idaho newspapers contain frequent mention of the fact that gold production in their respective States is increasing rapidly. THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE predicted last spring that one result of the silver agitation—regardless of whatever Congressional action might be—would be a renewal of interest in gold-bearing properties and consequent increase in the gold output of Montana and Idaho. Important as is the present increase in the production of the "yellow metal," that increase has but fairly begun. Next season will witness a revival of gold mining that will be of greater benefit to the mineral regions of the Northwest than would result if it were possible to force silver to \$1 25. Miners will discover that fair wages can be made in nearly all the abandoned old placer camps, and the mountains will again teem with workmen who will soon realize how much more "life there is worth the living" under conditions where they are their own "bosses" and where the absence of city temptations and city expenses will enable them to save a fair proportion of their earnings.

A certain per cent of the world's capital will always seek mining enterprises; and the vast sums which have of recent years been attracted almost wholly to silver production will now, per force, be directed toward mines and methods which will produce gold. Capital will discover that nature has distributed the most precious of all metals more widely than any other mineral; hence its quantity at any given spot or place is rightly limited. Gold mining is not, and never has been, "bonanza" mining; but the opportunities for reasonably profitable work in the gold regions of the Northwest are practically numberless. The day will surely come when the absolutely inexhaustible low-grade gold-bearing ores and gravels of Montana, Idaho and Washington will be worked at fair profits on the money and labor invested; and then the vast districts that are now an uninhabited wilderness will be alive

with human activity. Now that the attention of capital and labor is forced towards gold production, the time of unusual development in that line is near at hand. The result will be a more rapid settlement of Montana and Idaho than has yet occurred.

AN INTERESTING CASE.

A case is pending in the Supreme Court at Washington, on an appeal from the Supreme Court of Wyoming, and is likely to be reached in a few weeks for final decision, which is of great importance to the range stock industry of the West and has a direct bearing on the selling value of an immense body of railroad lands lying within the grazing belts. The case is that of the United States versus the Douglas-Willan-Sartoris Company, a Wyoming cattle concern. The defendant, owning a number of odd-numbered sections purchased from the Union Pacific Railroad Company, the title to the alternate even-numbered sections being still in the Government, undertook to enclose a part of its lands by a series of fences erected wholly within the limits of its own property, the practical effect of which was also to enclose many of the Government sections. A proceeding for injunction was begun under the act of Congress of February 25th, 1884, declaring unlawful the enclosure of public lands by any person without claim or color of title to the lands so enclosed. The Supreme Court of Wyoming (one of the three judges dissenting) held that the statute, so far as it forbids as a nuisance the erection of a fence wholly within the limits of the defendant's land, is not a legitimate exercise of the police power, but an unwarranted invasion of private property and is unconstitutional and void. The case was then carried up to the Supreme Court at Washington.

In the event of the Wyoming decision being affirmed a change will gradually take place in the methods of the range industry within the limits of railroad land grants. Now the policy is to occupy the land without making any compensation either to the Government owning the even-numbered sections, or to the railroad company owning the odd sections, and to attempt to restrict the number of animals on a given range, so as to avoid dangerous overstocking, by refusing newcomers admission to the local roundup associations and thus treating them as intruders on vested rights and depriving them of necessary protection for their property. If stockmen, by buying the odd-numbered sections of a railroad grant at a very low figure can obtain the right to fence in large areas including the even-numbered sections, they will undoubtedly see it for their interest to do so, in order to secure a permanent foothold and make sure of sufficient pasturage for their flocks and herds which cannot be interfered with by other people. Of course this would apply only to districts that are adapted solely to grazing and have no possible value for agriculture. The stockman would not venture to put his fence around any Government sections that might be taken up under the Homestead Act for farms, because of their proximity to streams that would afford water for irrigation; for if he should do so he would have to cut his fences and open his range to let the homesteaders through on their way to and from their own holdings. The practical result would be to divide the range in large portions of Wyoming, Western North Dakota and Eastern Montana into large enclosures controlled by stockmen, leaving the Government lands within such enclosures to be disposed of by some future action of Congress throwing them open to sale. Unquestionably the ultimate effect would be beneficial to the range stock industry in the regions affected, tending to make it more solid, conservative and profitable than it now is under the open range system.

FOR FARMING SETTLEMENTS.

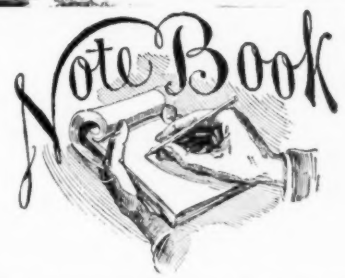
We intend to make special efforts in this magazine during the coming year to inform that class of our readers who are looking for good openings for farm operations in the Northwestern States of special localities where there are exceptionally favorable conditions for such enterprise. Most of the reading matter distributed by railroads, towns and State immigration agencies is too general in its character. It contains a good deal of useful information about climate, soil, products, etc., but it cannot go into details concerning any particular localities lest it should be criticized as partial by other localities. It posts the intending settler as to the main features of a State, but it does not direct his attention to any particular county, township or valley. Yet what the man in the older States who thinks of going West would most like to know is just this sort of definite information in reference to opportunities that are especially advantageous.

Let us illustrate by taking a supposititious case in Montana. Let us suppose that in a certain valley there is a stretch of land that could be cheaply irrigated and converted into ten farms. If the main facts were made known—the location, the ownership of the land, whether Government, railroad or private, and the cost of getting it; the climate, crops and markets and the approximate expense of irrigation—the probabilities are that in a very short time there would be ten farmers settled on that tract, adding so many good citizens to the population of that county and increasing the business of the railroad and the merchants and mechanics in the nearest town.

Or let us suppose that a stock company is constructing a canal in Washington to bring water upon a sage-brush desert. Definite information as to the price of the land, the water rents and the cost and profits of raising fruit, hops and alfalfa in that locality will be sure to attract settlers who could not be induced to leave their old homes by any amount of general descriptive reading about the State at large.

In order to furnish regularly the sort of definite, positive information which we have in view, we shall need the help of people in our large Northwestern field of circulation who are interested in promoting the development of the particular regions in which they reside. If these friends will send us the plain facts we will put them in shape for publication. It would be well in each case to give one or two names of residents of the locality described with whom intending settlers might correspond for details. All statements should be as nearly accurate as possible.

JUDGE BUCK and Col. Patrick Henry Winston, of Spokane, have the idea that the Government should buy of the Northern Pacific Railroad, in a foreclosure sale, all its unsold lands and throw them open to homesteading. They say that land is what the suffering people need at this time. But the facts do not carry out the theory of these smart gentlemen. As a rule, all along the N. P. grant the railroad lands are sold where the alternate sections of Government land are occupied; and where the Government sections are still open to occupancy the railroad lands are still in the hands of the company. As long as there is just as good Government land, free to the first comer who wants a farm, as any the railroad owns, there would seem to be no such cry for land from the suffering people as the Judge and the Colonel fancy they hear. The railroad company constantly advertises the free Government land because it knows that the first move towards selling its own land is to get the homesteaders to come in. We heartily wish there were more eagerness for land ownership in the breasts of the American people, so that the waste places of the Northwest might be filled up in our own day and generation.



THE first snow of the winter in St. Paul fell on November 21st. The weather turned cold and there was good sleighing at once, with a below-zero thermometer on the 24th.

It is a perplexing problem that the chief necessity of human life, the wheat from which bread is made, should not command a price that repays the average cost of producing it. Who can give an answer to the question of why this singular state of things, apparently contradicting all the tenets of political economy, should exist?

In the Philadelphia street cars I saw advertising placards of a shoe firm announcing that a skillful chiropodist was in the employ of the house and would operate free on the corns of all customers. A shrewd idea in more ways than one! Everybody likes to get something for nothing, and besides it is much easier to fit a customer with a pair of shoes after the corns have been pared and doctored than before.

It is curious how military titles slip off from some men who won them bravely in battle, while they cling to others for their lives. Few people know that Brayton Ives, the New York financier, who was lately elected President of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, has a very good right to the prefix of general. He fought through the Civil War and won his way up from a lieutenancy to the rank of brigadier general. But there are plenty of men who never heard a gun fired in earnest that are always called colonel or general by the newspapers and all their acquaintances.

THE new Pullmans that run on the Pennsylvania Railroad from Chicago to New York are entered without going through a narrow passage around the stateroom at one end or a smoking room at the other. There is no stateroom at all and the smoking-room runs across the entire width of the car. In the body of the car are sixteen sections and in the smoking room two. All travelers know how awkward it is, in the old model Pullmans, to meet people in the narrow passages. When two portly people encounter, one or the other has to retreat. The stateroom is rarely used because few people will pay the extra price demanded for it. Its chief convenience is for invalids and bridal couples.

HAVE you noticed how the economies of these hard times extend to all departments of business and domestic life? The butcher finds that people eat less meat than formerly and the grocer discovers that his monthly bills to his regular customers are much lower. The barbers are doing a poor business, because many men have taken to shaving themselves. The doctors say that now people only send for them in cases of serious illness and rely upon household remedies for ordinary light attacks. On the street cars there is a falling off of travel because a multitude of people save their nickels and improve their health by walking. In the dry goods stores there is no longer to be seen the old crowd of women eager for the excitement of shopping. The customers buy what they need with a regretful air as if sorry to be compelled to purchase anything and go away declining the pressing offers of the

clerks to display other kinds of goods. All the pleasant, easy-going, wasteful ways of prosperous times have been abandoned and all classes of people are studying only reductions and economies. The busiest people seem to be the small tailors who clean and repair old clothing for men who intend to get along without a new suit this winter.

AN eminent engineer, who is familiar with the topography of the Yellowstone Valley, believes that a great deal of the rich alluvial land on the river bottoms can be irrigated and profitably cultivated by a system of current wheels working pumps for raising the water to a sufficient height. The wheels would be placed on barges anchored in the stream and after the close of the irrigating season the barges could be moored in coves where there would be no danger of damage from the floating ice in the spring. This method would not be an expensive one. By the aid of a small storage reservoir a single wheel twenty-four feet in diameter would raise water enough to supply a hundred acres.

JOSEPH MARTIN won a very notable political victory in Winnipeg last month, largely on the question of a lower tariff and freer trade relations with the United States. He carried the city as a candidate for Parliament by a heavy majority, completely reversing a political condition that had endured for many years. Mr. Martin was one of the delegates to the International Reciprocity Convention which met in St. Paul last June and delivered before that body a very strong and radical speech which was much assailed by the Conservative newspapers in the Dominion. It is safe to predict that he is one of the men who are going to have a large influence in liberalizing Canadian governmental policies during the next few years.

SIXTEEN thousand Washington people visited their State building at Chicago during the progress of the World's Fair. Washington is two thousand miles from Chicago. Evidently there are a good many prosperous people in the Evergreen State who, in spite of the hard times, could afford the long journey. During the last two months of the Fair the total number of visitors to the Washington building frequently exceeded fifty thousand a day. Of all the States that invite immigration, no one made a more effective display at Chicago than did this extreme Northwestern member of the Union. Her structure was large, unique and handsome, and when people entered it they were shown a striking and profuse display of almost every sort of product found in temperate climates that invites labor, skill and enterprise. They were made to realize that Washington is a State where fruits and grains flourish, where there is a wonderful wealth of lumber, where mines of gold, silver, lead, iron and coal exist, where quarries of granite, sandstone and marble are worked, where the sea yields food fishes in abundance, and where civilization has reached a high development in education, in handsome towns and cities and in facilities for transportation and for comfortable and refined living.

EAST BOUND travelers will find the new line of the Baltimore & Ohio, by way of Pittsburg, a very attractive route. It is about forty miles shorter than the old line by way of Bellaire and it avoids the crooks and curves among the hills and mountains of West Virginia which made the old line objectionable to people of sea-sick tendencies. In Ohio it passes through the big manufacturing towns of Akron and Youngstown. At Pittsburg its depot is near the business center, opposite the old Monongahela House. It runs up the Monongahela River, crosses the Alleghenies

by easy grades and comes down on their eastern slope to Cumberland, where it joins the old line. The trains run solid from Chicago to New York by way of Washington and travelers can stop off to see the sights of the capital without paying extra railroad fare. The depot in Chicago is the new Grand Central Station, into which the trains of the Wisconsin Central run from St. Paul. In the upper stories of this noble structure is an excellent European hotel, where travelers who wish to break the journey to or from the East can find good accommodations at moderate prices.

THE project advocated by Gov. Lewelling, of Kansas, for a railroad from the Dakotas to the Gulf of Mexico, to promote which a convention is shortly to be held in Topeka, looks rather visionary. The scheme is for the States to be traversed by the proposed road to furnish the money to build it. It is a lingering survival of an old idea, assiduously advocated in Texas many years ago, that the natural trend of commerce from the grain-growing States of the Northwest is to the Gulf instead of to the Atlantic seaboard. This notion is a fallacy. The haul of wheat from the the Dakotas and Minnesota would be as long to Galveston as to New York, and when the grain reached Galveston the sea route to Liverpool would be almost twice as long as from New York. Besides, most of our wheat does not take the rail route to tide water, but goes by our great interior waterways of the lakes and the Erie Canal. What we want here in the Northwest is a ship canal around Niagara Falls and another from Lake Ontario to the Hudson, so our grain can be put alongside the ocean steamer in New York Harbor without breaking bulk from its shipment at Duluth or Superior. We have no interest in a chimerical project to change the established channel of commerce for our staple from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. If it were practicable to ship our wheat to Europe by way of Galveston there are railroads enough now running in that direction that would be glad to haul it just as cheap as the proposed State road could afford to do it. Very few Western roads are now earning five per cent on their actual cost. State bonds sold for building the proposed road would have to draw interest, and if the road did not earn enough to pay that interest the people would have to pay taxes to make up the deficiency.

AN interesting rivalry for cheapness and struggle for large circulation is going on among the magazines in New York. First *Scribners'* placed its price at twenty-five cents and made a publication about as large and as good in a literary and artistic way as *Harper's* and the *Century*, which sell at thirty-five cents. Then *McClure's Magazine* was started at fifteen cents in a neat and attractive form, with plenty of pictures copied from photos, but with not nearly so many pages of reading as the old monthlies. Not long ago the *Cosmopolitan*, which had been running along successfully at twenty-five cents, cut its price down to twelve and a half cents. Lastly *Munsey's Magazine*, a twenty-five-cent periodical, cut below the *Cosmopolitan*, and boldly announced its new price at ten cents. The two big reviews have been selling at fifty cents, but the *Forum* has now come down to twenty-five cents and the *North American* will no doubt be compelled to meet the reduction of its rival. While in New York lately I talked with the business man of the *Cosmopolitan* as to the plans of that handsome publication. He told me that copies are sold to newsdealers at seven cents and that the actual cost of manufacturing them, outside of what is paid to artists, editors and writers, is about nine cents. The calculations for financial success rest on getting and keeping 100 pages of advertising in each number at \$300 per page. The last number had

over eighty pages. Thus it will be seen that the new scheme of magazine publishing is to furnish literature at less than the cost of white paper, printing and binding and depend on advertising to make up the deficiency and leave a profit besides. I don't believe it is a sound idea, but in the case of the *Cosmopolitan* it is backed up by the million dollars the owner of the magazine made in Denver real estate. As to the reviews, I never could see why they should cost the purchaser fifty cents. They contain only about a dozen articles in each number, mainly low-priced matter, and are to no expense for illustrations. The cost of making them is nothing like that of making either *Harper's* or the *Century*. The reviews exercise a powerful influence on current thought and opinion and by reducing their price they will be able to very largely increase their circles of readers.

D. R. MCGINNIS writes from Sunnyside, in the Yakima Valley, Washington, under date of November 20: "Probably a short statement of the results of the crop of the season just drawing to a close will be interesting as showing what can be accomplished by irrigation in the Sunnyside Country. Potatoes are yielding 200 to 400 bushels per acre; many single specimens weigh from two to four pounds each. This is from land cleared from the sage-brush and put under cultivation for the first time last spring. I am using a four-pounder now for a paper weight. Ten acres, cleared, leveled and irrigated, which was planted in hops last April, turned off 1,075 pounds per acre and sold for fifteen cents per pound. Next year this yard will yield over two thousand pounds per acre, it being the second year from planting. Many farmers this year have paid all their expenses, and for their land besides, from the first crop of hops. Burke and Fleming got 2,200 pounds an acre from their forty acre yard and it netted them \$240 an acre. This was from a two-year-old yard. Eight to ten tons of alfalfa and sixty-five bushels of corn per acre was the general average for those crops. Alfalfa is cut from four to five times during the season and about two tons of hay is secured to each cutting. One of our farmers got the premium yield of eleven tons an acre from a five-acre field. One of our fruit raisers picked one hundred and six bushels of Winesap apples from nine four-year-old trees—four years from the time they were set out. Over three thousand acres of apples, plums, peaches, pears, prunes, apricots, nectarines and grapes have been set out under the Sunnyside irrigation canal to the present time. Two thousand acres more will go out next spring, mostly near the new town of Sunnyside, which is now being laid out in the center of the lands irrigated by the canal."

THE gold discoveries on an island in Rainy Lake, in the extreme northern part of Minnesota, must wait for spring before their value can be proved or disproved. A Government agent has been up to the field and reports that there is undoubtedly considerable gold there. This report will be sufficient to set in motion a throng of prospectors and adventurers as soon as the snow leaves the ground so that work can be done with pick and shovel. I do not anticipate any great results in the way of important finds of workable veins of quartz, but the search will make widely known the fact that Minnesota has a big, rich valley along the Rainy River that is as yet scarcely inhabited at all save by moose and other game. That valley contains a great deal of alluvial land, and its climate is much milder than that of the plains west of it. When a railroad reaches the shores of the Rainy River, thousands of industrious people will make good homes for themselves along its banks and around the big lakes that it drains.



Struck the High Class Magazine Style.

For a theme the Laureate did tax his brain,
And sighed for an idea,—a large chunk;
But wanting theme, idea, poet's mental flame,—
He wrote a weary rhyme, verbose and "punk."
He shipped it off; received reply that did his brain be-
wilder:
"A noble sonnet, that; enclosed find check; Yours,
Richard Watson Gilder."

—Spokane Outburst.

A Far Western Pun.

Miss Flora Davis has wedded the Earl of Dufferin. She being a smart American lady, would it be pretty to state that that somebody has taken the English Duffer-in?—*Hogwam Washingtonian*.

A Durn Fool.

The blessed Bible teaches us wisdom and many good things. This sacred book also defines the durn and blockhead fool as a man who in his own egotistical conceit imagines himself a walking Encyclopedia Britannica—when in reality the fool doesn't know enough to feed hogs.—*Red Lodge New Idea*.

He Gets There.

A Populist editor writes: "The cinch bug eats the farmer's grain, the bee-moth spoils his honey; the bedbug fills him full of pain, but the humbug scoops his money." To which a brother adds: "The lightning bug can't thunder much, the big bug has no fame; the gold bug has no argument, but he gets there just the same."

An Erroneous Supposition.

During the Nez Perce war of 1877 two soldiers were pursued by savages and had to fly for their lives. One of the soldiers was better mounted than his companion, and soon was several hundred yards in the lead. Looking back, he perceived that the enemy was getting dangerously near, so he shouted:

"Come on; they're right after us!"

The man in the rear ironically replied:

"You don't think I'm trying to throw this race, do you?"—*Spokane Outburst*.

Imperfect.

Little Roger had gone into the country for the first time and his grandfather had taken him out to see the colt.

"There, Roger," said the old gentleman, "did you ever see such a little horse as that?"

Roger never had and his eyes shone, but there was one drawback.

"What's the matter with him, grandpa?" he said. "He hasn't any rockers!"—*Minneapolis Times*.

World's Fair Humor—Last Installment.

Manager Dickey, of the North Dakota exhibit, in order to meet the expectations of his constituents, hired a farmer to take charge of Dakota's booth in the Agricultural building. This farmer is a dry, matter-of-fact sort of fellow and nobody ever heard of his attempting to crack a joke until he came to the World's Fair. This particular part of Dakota's exhibit is a very attractive one, and the centre-piece is a beautiful figure of a woman worked out in grasses and variously shaped grains. One day the old farmer was at

work tacking up some new crop specimens of sheaf grain, when a thoughtful looking, but quaintly dressed Hoosier sauntered in with the remark: "I say, pard, this 'ere show is great. You must have a rich country for grains out thar in Dakota; but I don't see no exhibit from your divorce courts." Without looking around, and without stopping his work, the old farmer replied by pointing his thumb over his shoulder towards the beautiful grain figure: "I don't know about that; we've got a grass widow over there."

A Bungling Advertisement.

A leading dressmaker of West Superior, Wis., called at the office of the *Evening Telegram* and told the bookkeeper that she wanted to rent a furnished room, with steam heat and bath. She added that she was occupied during the day, and asked to have a suitable "Want" prepared and inserted in the paper. That evening the following announcement appeared: "Wanted—A furnished room by a lady occupied through the day with steam heat and bath. Address Mrs. X." It is not recorded whether the bookkeeper left town that afternoon by private conveyance or waited for the next train.

Rubbing It In.

Out in the Palouse Country in Eastern Washington it rained almost every day in October and November, much grain was ruined, and the people have naturally been feeling rather blue. Hence this cry of anguish from the Garfield *Enterprise*:

The *Enterprise* received a letter of enquiry concerning this country from a Kansas man this week. Among other questions he asks, "Is there much rainfall, or do you have to irrigate?" Much rain! Great Scott! Do we have to irrigate! The dod-blasted idiot! Do the citizens of Venice have to sprinkle their streets? No sir; we do not have to irrigate!

Twenty Minutes for Divorces.

Judge Arthur of Spokane beats the record on divorce granting, says the *Walla Walla States-*

man. Last week a red-headed woman came into his court and said she wanted a divorce from her husband. In just twenty minutes from the time her lawyer filed the suit the judge handed her the decree, all properly signed, which released her from matrimonial bondage. From Indiana to Illinois, from Illinois to Dakota, from Dakota to Washington, the star of easy and speedy divorce has steadily moved westward, until now, one may expect, when the train stops at the Eastern Washington metropolis, to hear the brakeman call out: "Spokane! Twenty minutes for divorces!"

Work of the Head-Line Fiend.

Some time ago, Professor David Swing agreed to furnish a weekly essay to the *Chicago Evening Journal*, choosing his own themes. The article was always printed on the editorial page, with the words, "By David Swing" just beneath the title. One week the professor undertook to chasten a few of his fellow-writers whose composition was not all that it should be from a grammatical standpoint. He quoted examples liberally and entitled the article, "Some Bad English." The professor nearly died when he saw the article in print, under the startling black-lettered caption,

"Some Bad English by David Swing."

Archduke Ferdinand's Montana Game.

The Archduke Ferdinand d'Este, heir presumptive to the Austrian throne, who was in Montana a few weeks ago, has just sailed for home in obedience to a parental summons. When he got to New York he had a total of forty cases of animals, which he said he had shot since he left home. What proportion of those he bagged in Montana is not stated, but we trust the game of this State is well represented in the royal collection. If the archduke did not avail himself of the opportunities afforded by Montana taxidermists to stock up in the matter of ready-stuffed beasts and birds, it was his own fault. As the reigning family of Austria sits around the royal fireside these long winter evenings popping corn, drinking cider and playing backgammon, one



SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

Smith—"He! here I am, buried in snow. (Discovers his feet). But I (hie) shay—glad I didn't fall head first like that other fellow did!"

Carpets, Draperies, Wall Paper.

*The entire stock of Carpets, Draperies, Fine Furniture,
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small office and handle my goods. Stamp and
references. A. T. MORRIS, Cincinnati, Ohio.

can imagine the rapt attention that will always be excited whenever Francis Ferdinand begins one of his thrilling tales of adventure in the wilds of far Montana, and pointing, in proof thereof, to the skin of a rabid-looking coyote secured for four bits in a Livingston grocery.—*Anaconda Standard.*

Flickertail vs. Jack Rabbit.

I see that they are trying to knock out my "Flickertail" and substitute "Jack Rabbit" as a name for the frisky North Dakotans. Of course, every one to his taste, and if one prefers a long-eared, long-legged lopus cuniculus, which shows his ghastly, coprolitic posterior end to every attenuated hound and hobo who happens to be within a half-mile of his rendezvous, to the sleek, bright-eyed, gentle spormophilus Richardsoni that flickers his tail in the sunshine or the rain, and who stays with the farmer during plenty or famine, that is his own business.—*F. J. Thompson in Fargo Forum.*

Why He Told the Truth.

"I suppose," said a visitor to the Washington State building, "that those apples are but gooseberries compared with some of the other varieties you raise in your State?"

"No, sir," replied the attendant, "those are the biggest apples I ever saw taken from a tree in Washington."

"And those pears?"

"The biggest that ever came over the hills or down a pike in Washington."

"And where are you from?"

"Washington."

"Live there?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are frank enough to admit that these apples and pears are the biggest you ever saw raised in Washington?"

"That's it."

"That is a commendable admission, I must admit."

"Well, to tell you the truth, stranger," confessed the attendant, "I'm going to move to Oregon next week."

Nerve Medicine.

The man that sells nerve medicine was in the other day. He said that he wanted to advertise his goods next to reading matter in bull-faced type and said he would pay for what ink it took. He said his medicine made a man feel better than twenty-five dollars a week and gave him nerve enough to steal side-walks for fire wood after three applications. He had taken it, and everything else that was not screwed down for the past twenty years and he reached over and put the ink-well in his pocket and told a sub-

scriber who had come in to set his subscription in the king row where he knew he could get a paper for a dollar a year, with a razor and three cakes of soap for a premium. But the subscriber smelled medicine on him, and let him talk. For fear the office would have a spell of sickness I dropped the noon sign and he drifted out into the storm.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record.*

The Zenith Attained.

The money craze of the world has almost attained its zenith in omnipotence. It has been the means of more human suffering than all of the evils human flesh is heir to. Virtue has screamed for the God-given rights of chastity and been mocked by the ineffable smile of libertines. Justice has yelled itself hoarse for its honest, hardworking men and women, and the corrupt courts of the country heedlessly ignored its appeal; the political patriot has with tears in his azure blue eyes supplicated the masses to try the ballot and has been derisively spurned and given the horse laugh; the big-hearted Christain has tried to live a life of moral purity and been ridiculed as a blooming hypocrite; the honest son of toil has been looked upon as a beast of burden with long ears and is shunned like a pest-house; the toiling factory girl or hotel pot-walloper is looked upon by the haughty and arrogant female blue-bloods—as drudges and ignorant animals; the agricultural man has been regarded as a pretty pink-eyed clump of verdure; the two-per cent thief has been lauded to the skies and lionized as the pet of the petti-coats; the newspaper people have sat in the lap of luxury and laid their cheeks against the cheeks of beauty—and fought with the valor of brave Joe Hooker—and the masses have been seen day after day battling for their rights and godown to premature graves with want depicted an every lineament of their countenances. Low, mean, hateful, despotic and vulgar money has made this world a red-hot hell—from the equator to the north pole. We would be a happy, contented people had not the money octopus taken entire possession of our mind, body and soul, as a people, and demoralized and polluted us into a groveling lot of wealth accumulating lunatics. The unborn child of our own blood will hate us for this craze and so long as it is in existence—just so long will poor people be the slaves and serfs of the rich. We are ready to jump up and catch the millennium by the heels—and lay down in peace—with all our enemies of every race and sex in the world—as we will all then be altered men and women.—*Shelby Eli Dillard in Red Lodge (Mont.) New Idea.*

Like the Fabled Helen.

While 'neath the wall tent of Photographer Le Munyon one day this week trying to intro-

duce an advertising scheme to the artist, we could not help overhearing him make a few remarks to ladies that might be pertinent in a rushing business, but distant relatives to facts.

As one after another would come in—some with faces lame and halt—to have their physiognomy transferred to paper without the lameness, defaults or freckles, he would remark:

"Madam, you have an exquisitely handsome face and eye that will show its subdued lustre in a picture. That wealth of raven-black hair that glistens as a black diamond will give the picture a decided finish." Or, if the victim of his words had hair like sun-burnt wool, he would observe as he hustled around, "Your profuse mass of sun-kissed locks dropping so gracefully over your beautifully moulded pomegranite arms reminds me of the master paintings of Cleopatra preparing her toilet to receive Mark Anthony."

When asked his advice about whether the form had not better be worked in, he would just rave and declare that the fabled Helen, of whom the Latin muses had discarded volumes of classic verse, couldn't play the snare drum in the same band-wagon she played the flute with silver mountings on when it came to form that was created simply to make man mad from the subtle incense of such voluptuousness.

A lady took her child to the tent, never intending to have the little one's face fixed so that it could be placed away on a shelf, but after the photographer swore by the shades of a rich old aunt by marriage that the child was as coy and cute a little cherub as ever graced a home and made a papa's heart glad—and moreover the picture of its winsome mother—the little one was duly propped up in the victim chair and shot.

Yes, sir, he gave them all a game of talk that made them swell up like a toad poisoned with pills, and made us blush like a freshly culled red rose. It is generally conceded that a newspaper man takes the sponge cake for nerve, but it is a sad, a grievous mistake. Henceforth we will doff our straw hats to the paragon and personification of gall, tremendous, colossal and monumental—the photographer.—*Valley County (Mont.) Gazette.*

A REAL CLOSING-OUT SALE.

Elsewhere on this page appears an advertisement of a closing-out sale by C. O. Rice & Co. that means just what it says. The stock is owned by Thomas Irvine, who bought it from the assignee and is closing it out at prices that more than meet the times. Persons from outside cities can purchase as easily as those living in St. Paul. The reputation of the firm and the class of goods they carry is such that no one can make a mistake in placing implicit confidence in what they say in their advertisement.

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(C., St. P., M. & O. Ry.)

This is the Only Line

Running both Pullman and Wagner Private Compartment Cars and new style 16 section (Pullman and Wagner Sleeping Cars between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago. It was the first line to introduce these triumphs of car architecture west of Chicago.

This is the Only Line

Running Buffet-Smoking Library Coaches between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago. These coaches are luxurious club rooms on wheels.

This is the Only Line

Running Fast Limited Trains between Duluth, the Superiors and Chicago equipped with both Pullman and Wagner Vestibuled Gas Lighted, Buffet Sleeping Cars.

This is the Only Line

Running Pullman Sleepers from Minneapolis and St. Paul to Sioux City, Omaha and Kansas City; also to the Superiors and Duluth.

This is the Only Line

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Which runs the fast "BADGER STATE EXPRESS" from Minneapolis at 7:20 a. m., St. Paul 8:00 a. m. Daily, arriving Chicago 9:35 p. m. Modern Day Coaches and Luxurious Parlor Cars. This train affords a delightful daylight ride to Chicago.

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A Century's Struggle for Silver . . . Prof. JOHN B. McMASTER
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Why Women are Paid Less than Men . . . CARROLL D. WRIGHT
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Education Reduced to an Exact Science by Psychology
(Records of psychological study of groups of children—a new science)
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(Reviews of the various plans of social reform that have found favor)
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See page 36.



Wisconsin.

MARSHFIELD News: A report from Arpin says that iron has been discovered there in such large quantities that it is believed at last a place has been found in the iron bearing ridge which passes through Marathon and Wood counties, where the ore can be gotten out with profit. The Arpin company has been sinking some wells recently and in one of them the drill was sent down 140 feet. The last ninety feet was one solid bed of hematite ore. Further investigations are to be made. The ore taken out is believed to be especially adapted to making paint.

Minnesota.

FABRIHAULT is to have an opera house, three stories, and to cost \$21,000.

THE South St. Paul stock yards are doing a heavier business than ever before.

THE Duluth & Mesaba Railroad is to be double-tracked next spring to accommodate its heavy iron ore traffic.

A ROAD called Minnesota & Mesaba is to be built from Blackberry Station, Minn., on the Duluth & Winnipeg, to the Diamond mine on the Mesaba Range.

COAL is now being mined at Redwood Falls, on the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad. The vein is about three feet thick. This is said to be the first coal actually mined in any quantity in Minnesota.

THE Wisconsin, Minnesota & Pacific Railroad, running from Red Wing to Mankato, has been purchased by the Rock Island at a foreclosure sale. It will probably be extended westward from Mankato.

AN old flour-milling plant in Minneapolis was a year or two ago converted into a factory for the manufacture of a peculiar cereal breakfast food, which has since become so popular all over the country that the concern's daily average product is now worth about \$2.20. Only Pacific Coast wheat is used, it being softer and much more "malleable" than the flinty Minnesota and Dakota article which makes the best flour.

AS evidence that times were not so bad as many people would have us believe, a visit to the land office elicited the information that at the present time there were more people filing new claims and making proofs than for a year or more past. The settlers seem to have just as much faith in this country as ever, and are willing to cast their lot in Northern Minnesota rather than in more settled portions of the State, knowing that in a few years the Red River Valley will be one of the garden spots of this great and growing portion of the United States.—*Crookston Times, Nov. 18.*

North Dakota.

MOST of the new stores in the burnt district of Fargo are now finished and occupied, and business has begun to flow along the main channel of Broadway, as of old.

G. S. Cryne, of Gladstone, claims to have found clay which contains gold, in a diffused state, in quantities sufficient to pay for reducing. An analytical chemist and assayer is at work testing the clay.

THE North Dakota Milling Association, which embraces nearly all the flour mills in the State and also those at Moorhead and Crookston, Minn., is making large and regular shipments of flour to Liverpool and London. This flour takes the highest rank in European markets.

A STRONG association of farmers has been formed to exterminate the Russian cactus, a species of tumbleweed, which is becoming a serious pest in the southern counties of the State. The Northern Pacific Railroad Company has a special force of men at work along the line of the Fargo & Southwestern branch, ridding their lands of the obnoxious weed.

A MAN going to North Dakota can get Government reports and statistics concerning the climate and full information about the productions of the soil. The official figures, the returns of actual weights on the scale beam and the balances on the right side of the ledger are among the guarantees that North Dakota

can offer to settlers. The plain truth is that people who go to North Dakota and accustom themselves to the country and exercise good sense and industry can succeed as well as anywhere in the republic. Why renters should till the high-priced farms of the East, with scanty living, and divide earnings with landlords, each year paying out more than the cost of getting a farm of their own, is certainly because of ignorance of the facts. To capable, self-relying and self-denying men North Dakota offers cheap and permanently productive soil, a maximum of results for the minimum of toil, easy access to markets, good church and school facilities and a healthy climate.

EXCEPT in the Missouri Valley, corn has been rarely grown in North Dakota. The Hillsboro *Banner* mentions the first load brought to market in that city. The Hope *Pioneer* speaks of an experiment yielding fifty bushels per acre. Elijah Bailey, of Mandan, found a variety of corn in the hands of the Indians sixteen years ago. It was blue, black, red and white, eight-rowed nubbins. He has improved the seed until he now raises eighty to 100 bushels of ears per acre of the pure white, obtaining a long sixteen-rowed ear. The corn found among the Indians by Mr. Bailey was the same as that found with the cliff dwellers in Arizona, and remains of it are found in the old Indian graves and mounds in North Dakota. The Navajos also raise it in New Mexico, and grind it and bake it in wafer-like sheets which keep sweet for months. The stalks are only from three to five feet in height, and full ears grow on suckers only a few inches off the ground. It is a flint variety, maturing in seventy to ninety days in North Dakota.

Montana.

PEAS, barley and alfalfa are so easily and luxuriently grown in all the valleys of Central and Western Montana that it is a matter of surprise that so few ranchers engage in hog-raising. As much pork is probably consumed in mining camps, per capita, as in any other region; yet Montana depends for its supply upon Chicago. Home hog-raising for the Northwest is as important as "home rule" for Ireland.

AGENTS from Washington are in Bozeman, making arrangements for the building of the Montana fish hatchery at that point at once. The fishery will be located about three miles from the city, at the mouth of Bridger Canyon. An immense spring of crystal cold water flows from under a high cliff on the Government land. The quality of the water being just suited to the needs of the fishery. The Montana hatchery will be made one of the chief distributing points in the West, and will be an immense establishment.—*Butte Bystander.*

TWO of the greatest gold producers in Montana at this time, the Hope mine, at Basin, and the Crevasse Mountain, in Park County, have been long neglected "prospects." For years these properties were of absolutely no use, even to their then owners. But a moderate amount of money well directed has brought both mines to the front as great gold producers. There are thousands of such opportunities in Montana. It is absolutely impossible for the average prospector to open up a mine of any consequence.

THE famous Gallatin Valley may well claim to be the "Egypt of America," but like that ancient country it is not by any means an oasis in the midst of deserts, as can be proved by the following facts: This season Messrs. Northrup, Braslan & Goodwin Co. of Minneapolis offered a premium of \$500 to any competitor within Uncle Sam's premises who could show the best results from one bushel of their Lincoln oats. Among others in this vicinity Mr. Geo. L. Gordon, of Willow Creek, entered into the list of competitors. He sowed a bushel of oats on one and three-quarter acres of clean fallow ground, gave it good attention and the yield has lately been threshed by Messrs. Wilkins & Cook and machine-weighed. The results show the enormous yield of 168 bushels twenty-two pounds out of the one bushel of seed, or over ninety-six bushels to the acre.—*Bozeman Courier.*

THE people of Red Lodge are wild with the mining excitement. The placer mines at Clark's Fork is the only theme of conversation among the people of the coal metropolis. There is not an hour in the day but what you can see prospectors going over the hill towards the new excitement with pack horses loaded with supplies and mining tools to locate claims in the new diggings. There seems little doubt but what we have the very richest gold diggings in this new discovery that have been found since the palmy days of forty-nine in California. We do not desire to see a stampede in this direction until the whole matter is certain that there be no one deceived who may come. We would advise all who are likely to visit the placer fields to wait, but if they want to come and run the same risk of others who have claims, come.—*Red Lodge New Idea.*

LAST fall a rancher in the Missouri Valley rounded-up seven large rattlesnakes in a single bunch. The snakes, all "rattlers," differed a good deal in complexion, so to speak; for no two were precisely alike in their spots, stripes or colors. Of course the rancher dispatched the reptiles, and after skinning them, stretched the green skins artistically upon his saddle so as to completely cover the seat, horn, etc. After the skins had dried thoroughly that rancher had the best-covered and handsomest saddle in the whole valley. He expects next season to corral a sufficient number of snake skins to make the most stylish and durable pair of "chaps" in all Montana. It may be of interest to naturalists (amateurs, at least) to know that rattlesnakes vary more in their markings and colors than almost any other kind of snake; and the difference seems to be due to local conditions, such as altitude, rock formations and wet or dry localities.

Wyoming.

ABOUT 100,000 acres of land has been selected along the Stinking Water River by the Wyoming commissioners for school and public institution purposes from the United States under the act of admitting that State into the Union. These lands are on the high benches lying along the stream and when irrigated are considered to be unsurpassed for agricultural purposes.

Idaho.

THE people of Bonner's Ferry, not the least disheartened over the recent fire, which wiped the business portion of the city out of existence, are making preparations to rebuild and place the town on a permanent basis by incorporating and securing a Government patent to the townsite.

THE contract awarded for the soldiers' home at Boise calls for a building with a frontage of 100 feet and a depth of forty feet and a wing 60x32 feet. The structure is to be of brick with stone trimmings. Two stories, each fourteen feet high, will be surmounted by a commodious attic, which can be used when the demand for room requires it. The cost of the building is \$17,489.

A NUMBER of timber claims have been taken in the Elk River Country near Kendrick, as there is talk of a Michigan company putting in a large sawmill there. In fact it is almost an assured fact, as a party of six from Michigan have been looking over the field and two of them remained on Elk Creek. They are O. L. Benson and J. W. Budd. As for the quality of timber it cannot be beat when it comes to white pine, cedar and black pine. Mr. Benson pronounced it the finest timber he ever saw, not excepting Michigan. It is the intention of the company to put in a narrow-gauge railroad from here to there, a distance of about twenty-five miles, to connect with the Northern Pacific.

EVERYTHING looks favorable for the development of the mines in this town in the near future, as Park City and Denver capitalists have been negotiating for several properties here. Last week a representative for a Park City mine owner purchased the property known as the Blackstone for \$5,500. They intend putting a force of men to work at once, and are making arrangements for the erection of a concentrator to work the ore. Also parties from Denver have bonded the property known as the North Star and they also intend to put a number of men to work this fall and winter. The same parties from Park City have also bonded the property at Swan Creek, owned by Silas Wilcox & Co., known as the Eldorado, and are going to work a force of men there at once also.—*Montpelier Post.*

Washington.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the Booth Packing Company of Chicago, thinks that Eastern oysters can be propagated at Gray's Harbor and Shoalwater Bay, as well as at Sausalito and Mission bays in California; that the only obstacle is the coldness of the water the year around.

SALMON have been running up the rivers and streams in the vicinity of Port Angeles in enormous numbers during the last few weeks. In one haul of his net on the Elwha, S. Goodwin caught 3,000 large salmon. It took a team of horses and eight men to drag them out of the water, and it took nine trips of a large farm wagon to carry them away.

TACOMA is one of the cities of the country that are not retrograding, and the steady growth in population during the past year demonstrates the fact that temporary adversity can never shake her stability. Polk's directory, just issued, shows a population of 52,300, an increase of over 2,500 for the year and 16,323 since the United States census was taken three years ago.

OVER \$1,000,000 is sent out of the State of Washington every year for dairy products. This in the face of the fact that we have in all parts of the State unexcelled

ranges, pasture lands and all kinds of grasses for feed. Butter always brings from twenty to thirty cents a pound, while in the East ten to twenty cents will buy the best. Which brings the most profit: wheat at forty cents a bushel or butter at twenty-five cents a pound? Will some rancher please answer?—*Tehoa Globe*.

A FEW years will bring Asotin County to the fore as a profitable agricultural community, as the result of irrigation enterprises now under way. Arrangements have been completed by the Oregon-Washington Irrigation Company for constructing reservoirs in the Blue Mountains, where the snows of winter and flow of springs will be stored up for obviating the difficulties occasioned by lack of summer rains, and the naturally fertile soil will be brought to a high state of productiveness.

THERE is now invested in the fishing industries of the North Pacific Coast the vast sum of \$3,500,000. During the busy season this single industry furnishes employment to 13,000 men, and the value of the annual product of these fisheries is about \$8,000,000. This is but one of the great industries of the Northwest that have grown up here within the past few years, and, like the other resources of this section, fishing is an industry here that has only commenced to be developed.—*West Coast Trade*.

A LARGE area of Government land upon the plateaus and terraces of the region lying between Lake Chelan and the Methow River is still vacant. This land is well adapted to the culture of fruit and diversified farming. There is room for a large colony of people, who could secure homes under the homestead laws. These lands are all of less altitude than the wheat belt of the Big Bend; besides, water is obtainable on every quarter-section. This country is now surveyed, and will no doubt be placed upon the market the coming year.

APROPOS to the investment of Eastern capital in the development of cranberry bogs of Pacific County, the *Seattle Telegram* has collected information showing that this industry can be made a profitable one, not only on Willapa Harbor, but at various points along Puget Sound, where many large tracts are found exactly suitable for successfully cultivating these berries, and wherever the experiment has been tried, it has been carried on with profit. Up in Snohomish County, on the Stillaguamish River, wild cranberry marshes are found in great number. One fine marsh, near the post-office of Oso, has recently been drained and cleared of the old vines and is now one of the finest ranches in the State for its size. Farther up the

the river, near the head, are some very large marshes which produce bushels of berries. In the Hood's Canal Country and through parts of Clallam County are acres and acres of these fertile places.

THE rapid extension of the great irrigation enterprises on the Pacific Coast has brought a number of thriving new towns into being. One of these, the Sunnyside canal in the Columbia Valley in Washington, has just been finished and they are now surveying a new town to be called Sunnyside, which will be surrounded by 64,000 acres of irrigated land suited for the growth of all kinds of tender fruits as well as hops, alfalfa and vegetables. Where there was not a single settler last spring the country has filled so rapidly that the petition for the postoffice had fifty-eight signers and a crowd of people were anxiously waiting for the survey to be completed so they can start in business and build homes in the town. The residence part of the town is being laid out in acre plots and a great many Eastern people who want to settle in a mild, dry climate desire, while enjoying the advantages of town life, to be surrounded by fruit trees and grass plots in their new homes.

Manitoba.

SOME 400 houses were built in Winnipeg last year and about 550 this year, yet vacant houses are as scarce as ever. The class of buildings is very superior to those put up in previous years. Several large and modern office and business blocks are projected for 1894. The electric street railway's extensions have encouraged much building on the lots along their lines.

A SPLENDID new bridge has just been completed across the Red River at Winnipeg, making the third structure crossing the river in the city. The new bridge is located on the south side of the Assiniboine River, and will be known as the Norwood Bridge. The work was begun in February last, at which time the river was frozen over, enabling the men to work on the ice. The bridge consists of three spans of about 140 feet, and a draw span of about 250 feet.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to

all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

THE FALL OF THE PINE.

Stately and tall in the sombre wood
Surrounded by birch and ash it stood,
And merry winds in its topmost cones
Whispered it tales from other zones.

The woodman's ax at its base was laid
And his blows resounded o'er hill and glade,
Till tumbled the pine, with thundering crash,
Down through the branches of birch and ash!

CLIFFORD TREMBLY

"AS OTHERS SEE US."

J. A. Johnson, to the *Fargo Forum*: The thanks of Fargo are due to E. V. Smalley and his *NORTHWEST MAGAZINE* for the splendid write-up of the Dakota metropolis.

The November number of *THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE* published by E. V. Smalley, is given up largely to illustrations of Fargo, Dakota, and farming scenes in Montana. This is an excellent magazine.—*Vancouver (Wash.) Register*.

THE *NORTHWEST MAGAZINE* for November maintains the high standard attained by that publication. It deals chiefly in the developments of the great Northwest and contains many articles worthy of perusal. The leading article tells of "The Rebuilding of Fargo" and is amply illustrated.—*Superior Inland Ocean*.

THE *NORTHWEST MAGAZINE* for November gives considerable space to Fargo "before and after." The illustrations give outsiders an idea of the big bustle Fargo people have been getting on themselves since the fire. Mr. Smalley's magazine is what its name implies—a Northwest magazine, and its articles and illustrations are devoted to Northwestern progress.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record*.

"Well," said the lawyer to the rural witness, "how far was it from your house to the road?"

"Well, sir," said the witness, "I reckon hit wur 'bout an acre an' a half."

"Idiot!" cried the lawyer. "How many yards was it?"

"Well, sir," replied the witness, "dar wuz only one yard, an' that wuz my yard, an' hit ain't fenced in, nuther!"

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A Good Old Thanksgiving

The people of this country have much to be thankful for this year. The Fair is over, the silver question settled, Congress adjourned and good times in sight, so that the wellspring of gratitude must be running over. The Duluth Short Line, as the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad is termed, wishes to have a little Thanksgiving of its own, and thank its patrons for enabling it to maintain its record as the people's popular route between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior, Stillwater, Taylor's Falls and other points. This has been a good year and travelers have been appreciative and wise, taking at all times the Duluth Short Line, which runs fast trains of the finest and latest character on easy schedules over a smooth road bed, making close connections at handsome terminals with trains in all directions. For information address W. A. Russell, Asst. G. P. A., St. Paul, Minn.

Walter Baker Co.'s Awards.

Walter Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass., have received from the Judges of the World's Columbian Exposition one of the highest awards on each of the following-named articles contained in their exhibit: Breakfast Cocoa, No. 1 Chocolate, German Sweet Chocolate, Vanilla Chocolate, Cocoa Butter. The Judges state in their report that these products are characterized by excellent flavor, purity of material employed, and uniform even composition, indicating great care in point of mechanical preparation.

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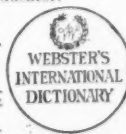
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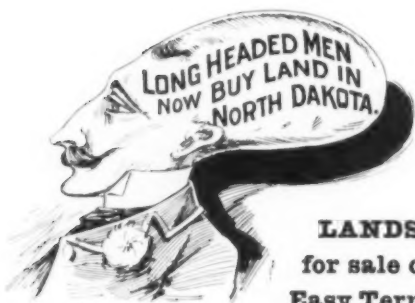
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There is temporarily residing in our midst an aged Cree Indian, whose name we will call, for short, "Stay-up-all-night-and-sleep-all-day." He is an inveterate tobacco and whiskey guzzler, and it is claimed that he can get outside of a pint of clear alcohol in less time than it took Lot to swallow an equal proportion of grape juice. Members of his tribe say that the old man has a record of punishing seven square meals a day—when he can get them—with fricasseed pup as a cold lunch. Both he and his dusky bride are said to be good workers—he furnishing the looking-on power, and she the labor.—*Havre (Mont.) Advertiser.*



A Typical North Dakotan.

World's Fair correspondence of the Minneapolis Journal: "Speaking of North Dakotans, I am reminded of John M. Turner, the live Mandan miller and member of the North Dakota World's Fair Commission. There is a man who is bound to develop into one of the leading business men and financiers of the Northwest. The North Dakota milling syndicate which he now represents as general manager, is one of the most prosperous and solid companies of its kind in the country, and with John Turner at the helm will doubtless continue to be successful. Mr. Turner's advancement in the world has been rapid. It was not many years ago that he was advertising agent of the *Northwestern Miller*, and a hustler, too, at that."

In a recent edition of the *Miller*, a paragraph in the advertisement of the North Dakota Milling Association, referred to above, and believed to emanate from Mr. Turner's fertile brain, reads:

"The only flour in America which did not get a gold medal at the World's Fair, and the only flour which does not make twenty loaves more of bread to the barrel than any other flour on earth." Etc.

Indian and "White" Blood Won't Mix.

Says a writer in the N. Y. Press: I met General Wesley Merritt, commander of the Department of Dakota, U. S. A., recently. "I do not look for another serious uprising," said General Merritt, "at any time. The Indians have learned enough to realize that it would be folly for them to make war on the United States Government. There is not likely ever to be a revival of the sun or ghost dances which were so prevalent a few years ago. The Indians as a class have lost confidence in the wild talk of their medicine men. One thing that has contributed to the contentment of the Indians is the change from civilian to military agents to look after them. Under the old system the Indian was robbed right and left. Now he is receiving fair treatment and gets what he is entitled to. Army officers make the best kind of Indian agents. The Indians respect and fear them, and they understand the Indians. It is a mistake to suppose that the Indians are dying out. Under the present peaceful conditions they are increasing in numbers. They are gradually becoming more civilized, but it seems almost impossible to amalgamate them with the white people by contact, education, time and marriage. Indian and 'white' blood doesn't seem to mix."

Thompson Falls, Mont.

Thompson Falls, a station on the Northern Pacific Railroad, 155 miles east of Spokane, is without exception one of the most beautiful townsites in the West, being picturesquely located on the Clark's Fork River at the falls. The little town is in the midst of one of nature's living pictures and is possessed of material advantages that fully equal its romantic location. The mountains sloping back from the river leave an extent of arable land capable of supporting a large population, while the forests of heavy timber and the great waterpower suggests manufacturing possibilities at no remote date. When they can be utilized, and that time will come with the rapid settlement of the country, the advantages of this point will not be overlooked by an incoming population.—*Spokane Mining Review.*

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Output, 350,000 daily.

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Olympia oysters, though not placed on the market up to fifteen years ago, were nevertheless brought into requisition by the old inhabitants of half a century ago as a staple article of food. The first shipments were made to Portland and Seattle by A. J. Burr, about sixteen years ago, and consisted of about fifteen or twenty sacks a week. Later on others commenced to develop the oyster beds at Oyster Bay, and shipments commenced to San Francisco, where a demand was created by hiring men to go the various hotels and demand Olympia oysters. Considerable quantities were sold as high as seven dollars a sack until the Eastern brands dropped prices materially and drove out competition. The oysters have been constantly developed and improved and the *Standard* says that experience has demonstrated that Eastern oysters thrive wonderfully in Oyster Bay. A barrel of oysters can be turned into a carload in a few years. The output of Oyster Bay is about 400 sacks per week for thirty-six weeks in the year and 150 sacks for sixteen weeks. The acreage devoted to the business is: Oyster Bay, 250; Big Skookum Bay, 100; North Bay, fifty; Mud Bay, twenty-five, and scattering fifty. The weekly product of these farms is about 560 sacks, which represents about \$1,000.

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A Frenchman on Chicago.

A French journalist writing home his impression of Chicago, expressed himself after this fashion: "Not until I was leaving this formidable city, drowned in the smoke of its factories, was I particularly struck by the nightmare of its grandeur and by its diabolical power. At that twilight hour, as the train rolled slowly along, I was able to judge of the immensity of its suburbs, which in extravagance are twice those of London; to form an idea of the superb, phenomenal barbarity; to appreciate the distracting beauty of the dark panorama which unfolded itself farther than the eye could see along the railway."

A Queer Pet.

A party of Siwashes brought a young seal to the city the other morning and offered him for sale. Although they fixed the price at the moderate figure of \$1.50 they could find no purchasers. Then they tried to get rid of the little pet by turning him loose in Whatcom Creek and trying to "shoo" him toward deep water. But Mr. Seal was evidently well pleased with his quarters and instead of striking out for his old home would follow his Siwash master back as soon as the latter got tired chasing him. The dusky maidens had the "critter" in a canoe dosing him with milk when he was last heard of. — *Whatcom (Wash.) Express.*

The Helpful Woman.

There comes a time in the lives of most business men when cares press so heavily, when trouble is so heavy that life is a mere burden that makes him silent, grave and mayhap decidedly irascible, that dims the love light or completely veils it, in his eyes, that contracts his brow with a frown, and to a wife of small discernment or narrow views, this state of affairs meets with little sympathy; but to the liberal, noble, whole-souled and warm-hearted woman, it is the time when she shows her true character, by being forbearing, hopeful, helpful and truly sympathetic, never adding to the already overburdened heart, but lightening the burden by her tactful manner, infusing strength by her own cheerfulness. Not an affected gaiety, by any means, but a quiet, earnest helpfulness and perfect faith that proves the greatest boon to a man, his greatest incentive, and the life-preserver thrown to a drowning man in many cases. — *St. Paul News.*

A Story of Hard Travel.

An entertaining story of hard travel is told by Joseph H. Green and A. Gordon, who have just returned from Silverton and the Little Chief mine. Gordon is one of the owners of this mine, and to reach it they crossed the divide from Silverton, accompanied by Miss Jessie McLellan and Miss Nellie Field. These are the first women who ever dared to make the attempt to go over the divide. The party had to climb about 5,600 feet and then descend, the whole distance being about seven miles. The journey occupied an entire day, and the women proved to be good climbers and good sliders. They wore riding habits—pantalets and short skirts—and were in the lead most of the time. Where the descent is made there is a slide for about 3,000 feet over the snow, which is 150 feet deep in places. The method is to get together a small pile of brush, which serves as a tobaggan, and on this a person sits while taking the shoot downward. Each one had a tobaggan of this kind, and made the descent safely. — *Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

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of a higher nature than that prevalent in Minnesota and the Dakotas during the winter months is not an uncommon occupation. We can tell you where to find it and can start you on your journey. We would suggest to you the following, viz:

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WOULD TAKE NO MORE CHANCES.

Conductor Wills of the Union Pacific was recently given a ten days' rest for carrying a man whose pass was not signed properly by the superintendent. On his first trip out after his enforced furlough, a corpse was put on the train, and Wills put it off because of a slight irregularity in its transportation papers.—*Spokane Outburst.*

THE GROWING BOY.

"Talk about spurs to effort!" said a man of family. "Why, bless your heart, there is nothing, not rivalry, nor ambition nor poverty, that can so spur a man as the necessity of providing for a growing boy. Take my oldest boy, for instance. He is fourteen, and as tall as I, leaner, but apparently with much less machinery and vastly more cargo space. He comes in eager with exercise and sings out:

"What is there in the house to eat?"

"They set it before him and he eats, and positively it makes me shiver to look at him. I need no other spur to effort than this. I know that if I am going to find food for this growing boy I have got to get out and hustle."—*Columbia Falls (Mont.) Journal.*



NO CONFIDENCE.

Mrs. B. (to third husband)—"John, dear, you are not feeling well. Let me send for Dr. Beecher. He attended poor Henry and Charles when they died."

Mr. B.—"No, never mind. I am feeling better now."

OSKALOOSA EDUCATION.

This tale comes from Oskaloosa, Ia.: A graduate of the Normal School there applied for a teacher's certificate at the Mahaska Institute. Among the subjects on which she was examined was physiology, and under this head a few searching questions on the care of the teeth were asked. The candidate for pedagogic honors handed in her paper with cheerful confidence, but the examiner was dumfounded to read in it this hygienic rule: "The teeth should be wrenched off after each meal."

HE WAS SEATED.

A small boy, accompanied by his father, visited the *Herald* office a few evenings ago. The parent pointed out the political remedies for the body politic, while his son and heir remained profoundly quiet. Presently the youngster, having listened with great attention to the exordium and peroration of his fire on the tariff, broke out as follows: "Say, Pa, let's go home." "Yes, my son." "Say, I don't want to stop in a place where they talk politics and never ask a boy to sit down." Young America got a chair.—*Fairhaven (Wash.) Herald.*

A MILLINERY ITEM.

The ladies of Brandon have always been noted for their extreme modesty, but a young lady from Souris who was in town recently put them all in the shade. She wanted to buy a Leghorn hat, but not wishing to use such a vulgar expression, she asked for a "Limb-horn hat." The clerks were all stuck, and thought that some new line of hats had been brought out and

they had failed to get it. The boss was called, and being a very modest man himself, he at once caught on, produced the Leghorn, and made the sale. Not seeing any of the clerks when he got through, he instituted a search, and found them in the trimming room, whither they had retired and duly fainted.—*Brandon (Manitoba) Sun.*

ONE WAY OUT.

Mrs. Newlywed—"I have read every book in my husband's library. I really don't know what to do for something new to read."

Mrs. Worldly—"Why don't you get another husband?"

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

A very absent-minded member of the French Institute was reading the newspaper in the casino at Dieppe the other day. He was absorbed by his reading and with his left hand he unconsciously pushed the files of newspapers on the table. Each moment he sent them further from him. Beyond the papers was an inkstand, which at last the moving papers pushed over the side of the table. It fell on the trousers of a Paris banker, who was furious at the accident, says *Tid-Bits.*

The absent-minded man offered his best excuses without appeasing the banker's wrath, who shrieked that his new trousers were ruined.

"But, sir, I will cheerfully pay for them. Be good enough to give me your card, and I will send the money to your hotel."

"To my hotel, sir! I don't know you. I must instantly have the thirty francs these trousers cost."

The member of the institute drew forth the thirty francs and handed them to the banker. Then he said:

"Now that you have been paid, I hope you have too much of the delicacy of a gentleman to remain in my trousers. You know they are mine, and I insist upon their immediate delivery to me. You have no confidence in me; I have none in you. My trousers!"

In vain the banker protested against such haste. The crowd that had gathered about the disputants said the member of the institute was right, and the banker, after sending for another pair of nether garments, surrendered the ink-stained ones, amid the laughter of the bystanders.

HOW HE GLOWERED IT OUT OF COUNTENANCE.

"I hae heard that ye can tame a wild beast just by looking boldly in its e'e and never takin' it awa' for an instant; but I dinna believe it," said Bob Meekin.

"It's quite true, I assure ye. The human e'e can frighten the maist savage animal," answered John Tamson.

"Did ye ever try it?" asked Bob.

"Of course, or I wadna be sae certain about it. Ye remember about two years ago the farmer at Carserigan used the keepa bull. It was the wildest beast ever seen in oor part o' the country and had nearly killed half-a-dizen folk. Ae day as I was comin' ower the park, the bull charged me. Weel, after running a wee muckle, I just sat down and glowered it out o' countenance. It never offered tae touch me and went away quite quate!"

"That was wonderfu'; but where did ye sit?"

"In the hoose, of course, and looked at it through the window, while it stood in the field on the other side o' the road."—*Spare Moments.*

HE WAS NOT BUYING REVOLVERS.

At Anoka they tell a good story on O. L. Cutter, the cashier of the Anoka State Bank. A few days after the Moorhead bank robbery a young man walked into the Anoka bank a little after noon, when the teller and clerk were at dinner. Cutter was alone. The man advanced to the cashier's window and putting his hand into his hip pocket asked:

"Do you want to buy a good revolver?"

"No, sir," replied Cutter, emphatically. "I have got a half a dozen in here and they are all loaded, too," and he made a grab for one.

The man outside coolly pulled his revolver out of his pocket, exclaiming, "I am a theological student from Hamline University and want to sell this to get money to buy a railroad ticket."

"That's a—good explanation," was Cutter's cynical reply, "but it's a trifle chestnutty. It's the story they all tell."

Just then the fellow shoved the gun towards Cutter, who expected to hear a demand made for cash; but he was relieved as the stranger said: "Don't be afraid of it—it isn't loaded."

Cutter made a dash for it and discovered that the student was telling the truth. As he bowed the young man out of the front door, Ole gave him the following advice:

"Don't you ever attempt to sell a revolver to a banker during business hours, especially when he is alone in the bank. You can't imagine how near you came to having the top of your head blown off, or receiving a present of all the cash on hand—I don't know which."—*St. Paul Trade Journal.*

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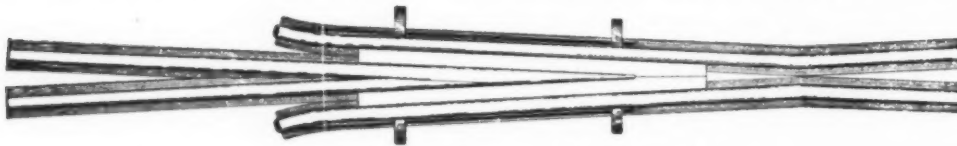
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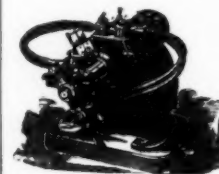
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SAFETY, SPEED and ECONOMY are the results
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Coast, and upon one continuous line from the City of
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affected by dust and sand as are other oils.

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ful mechanics and railway men of long experience. The
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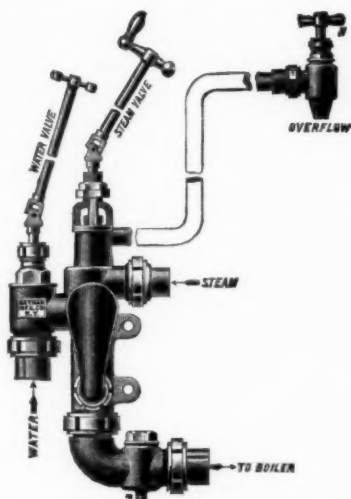
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Why waste time, money and health with "doctors" wonderful "cure-alls," specifics, etc., when I will send FREE the prescription of a new and positive remedy for the prompt lasting cure of Lost Manhood, Nightly Emissions, Nervous Weakness in old or young men, Varicocele, Impotency, and to enlarge weak, stunted organs. Cures in Two Weeks. I send this prescription Free of charge, and there is no humbug or advertising catch about it. Any good druggist or physician can put it up for you, as everything is plain and simple. All I ask in return is that you will buy a small quantity of the remedy from me direct or advise your friends to do so after you receive the recipe and see that there is no humbug nor deception. But you can do as you please about this. Correspondence strictly confidential, and all letters sent in plain sealed envelope. Enclose stamp if convenient. E.H. Hungerford, Box A40, Albion, Mich.

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For Freight Cars,

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For Locomotive Tenders.

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THE McCONWAY & TORLEY COMPANY,

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Silver and the Hen.

A prominent gentleman known to all, who by the way is quite a statistician, has figured out that the American hen is several times as valuable as the American silver mines. After much inquiry it has been ascertained that each person in Walla Walla consumes on an average at least five eggs every week throughout the year. At this rate and at an average price of sixteen cents per dozen, the people of the whole United States would consume eggs to the value of \$132,000,000 each year. Adding the value of poultry to the above he concludes that our "hen mines" pan out fully \$250,000,000 annually. Taking twenty per cent off for "operating expenses," he finds the net output of our gallinaceous bonanza to be \$205,000,000, or three times as much as the entire silver output of the United States. The figures are no doubt very near the truth of the situation. — *Walla Walla Statesman.*

The Cash System Didn't Work.

The cash system of doing business is obtaining a hold on the merchants of the Pacific Northwest in a degree never before experienced, and the present stringency may have a good result in this direction if in no other. The people generally take kindly to the innovation, and we have heard of but one such experience as is related in the *Bellingham Bay Express*: "A lady walked into a Thirteenth Street grocery store a couple of days ago and asked for a sack of flour. 'I can't let you have it,' replied the clerk, the hard times having made serious inroads on his urbanity. 'But I need it,' persisted the lady. 'Can't help it, we can give no more credit,' was the answer. 'Have I not always dealt here, and have I not paid promptly?' 'Yes.' 'Then I am going to have a sack of flour,' and the lady walked to where the flour stood, threw a sack on her shoulder and walked out with it." — *West Coast Trade.*

The Canning of Salmon.

Canned salmon is doubtless a favorite dish with many, and perhaps they would like to know something of the process of putting up the "toothsome" fish, as described by a visitor to the Oregon canneries. He says that the workmen in the Oregon salmon canneries are nearly all Chinamen, and a good-sized cannery will employ from 150 to 200 hands, during the season, which lasts from April to August. The buildings extend to the water's edge, in front of which a platform is erected on piles so that ocean steamers can come alongside and load directly from the cannery. In the rear of the wharf is a rack, where the salmon is received from the fishermen. Next to the rack is a clearing bench, where the heads, tails, fins and entrails are removed. The fish are then washed in three different waters and passed on to the cutters' bench, where a system of revolving knives slice the salmon transversely into pieces four inches long. They are taken to the canning bench, where Chinamen are required to wash their hands a dozen times a day, cut the fish into the proper size for canning and packing. The filled cans are then pushed toward the next bench, where the covers are fitted. The next set of Chinamen solder the covers, and in turn pass them to the next batch of men, who place the cans on iron racks and lower them into huge boilers. When the sealed fish come out of this receptacle the cans are washed, cooled, tested, labeled and cased, when they are ready for shipment. — *Good Housekeeping.*

IRRIGATED LANDS

For Fruit Growing, Hop Raising and General Farming in the
"Sunnyside Country" of the

FERTILE AND BEAUTIFUL YAKIMA VALLEY

In the New State of Washington.



AN IRRIGATED HOP FIELD IN THE YAKIMA VALLEY.

The Northern Pacific, Yakima and Kittitas Irrigation Company has constructed a canal 60 miles long, with a depth of 8 feet, a width at the bottom of 30 feet and a width at the top of the banks of 62½ feet. It covers 80,000 acres of valley land nowhere surpassed for fertility on the globe. The water is taken from the Yakima River and the supply is abundant for all possible demands. The solidity of construction in the dam, headgates and canal insures a regular and permanent supply of water and is a safeguard against breaks and other accidents.

Climate.—The summer climate of the Yakima Valley resembles that of the California valleys, in the length of the growing season, the number of sunny days, the absence of late spring frosts and early fall frosts and the immunity from destructive storms. The winters are short and not at all severe.

Soil.—The soil of the valley is a rich brown loam and is of phenomenal depth. In places where a vertical surface has been exposed along the brink of the second bench, the depth is over eighty feet, and the soil at the bottom is just as rich as that near the top.

Productions.—This is beyond question the best fruit country in the United States for the raising of apples, grapes, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, prunes, berries and melons. It is also a better hop country than the famous hop valleys on Puget Sound, for the reason that the hop louse cannot endure the summer heats and dies before doing any damage to the vines. Old hop yards in the neighborhood of the town of North Yakima have given large and almost uniform yields for ten years. Alfalfa is the forage crop and yields five or six crops a year. Garden vegetables give enormous returns and are profitably grown for the markets of Tacoma and Seattle.

Special Advantages for Fruit Culture.—All the lands under the Sunnyside Canal lie within a few miles of stations on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad; refrigerator cars are furnished and fresh fruit can be put in good condition into the Sound cities on the west, and Spokane on the east, and can be sold in competition with California fruit in all the mining towns and camps of Montana and Idaho, in the towns of North Dakota, South Dakota and Manitoba and in the cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior and Chicago. The Washington growers will monopolize these markets as soon as they can supply them, for the reason that Washington fruit is much better flavored than that of California.

Ten Acres Enough.—A settler who cultivates well, in fruit, vegetables and alfalfa, ten acres of this wonderfully productive Yakima Valley soil, will have all the land he can attend to and will make a good support for a family. With twenty acres he can make a net income of from two to three thousand dollars a year.

Farming by Irrigation.—Irrigation makes the farmer independent of the weather. He applies just the right amount of moisture to his land to secure the largest possible crop returns. No failure of crop is possible. The process is not laborious or expensive. The water is turned on the land two or three times during the growing season.

TERMS OF SALE:

The lands of the Northern Pacific, Yakima and Kittitas Irrigation Company are sold with a perpetual water right guaranteeing an ample supply of water for all crops. Prices range from \$45 to \$65 an acre. One-fifth of the purchase price is payable in cash on the signing of the contract. The second payment is not due for two years. Thus the settler has time to make his improvements and realize on his first crop before being called on for the next installment on his land. The remaining payments run through four years. One good crop will pay for the land. The company prefers to sell to actual settlers only in order that the country may be densely settled and brought under a high state of cultivation as rapidly as possible.

For maps, pamphlets and further particulars, address

NORTHERN PACIFIC, YAKIMA & KITTITAS IRRIGATION CO., Tacoma, Wash.

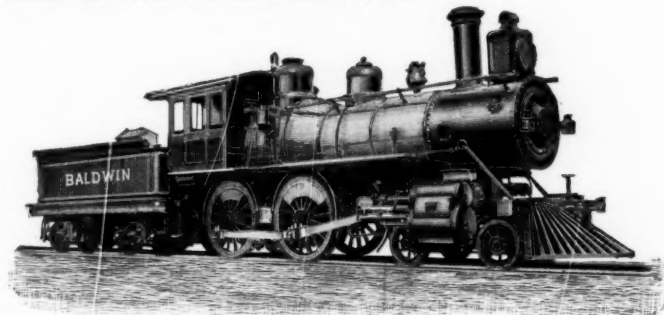
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On Locomotive Driving Wheels
And on Steel Tired Wheels
GIVE THE BEST RESULTS
For Every Variety of Service.

Established, 1831. Annual Capacity, 1,000.



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MANUFACTURERS OF

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINES,

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COMPOUND LOCOMOTIVES,

Passenger and Freight Locomotives, Mine Locomotives, Narrow Gauge Locomotives, Noiseless Motors and Steam Cars for Street Railways, etc.

ALL WORK THOROUGHLY GUARANTEED.

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THE WESTINGHOUSE AIR BRAKE CO.,

WILMERDING, PA., U. S. A.,

Manufacturers of the Westinghouse Automatic Brake, Westinghouse Automatic Freight Brake, Westinghouse Locomotive Driver Brake

The "AUTOMATIC" has proven itself to be the most efficient train and safety brake known. Its application is INSTANTANEOUS; it can be operated from any car in train, desired, and should the train separate, or a hose or pipe fail, it applies automatically. A GUARANTEE is given customers against LOSS from PATENT SUITS on the apparatus sold them. FULL INFORMATION FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

The Automatic Freight Brake is essentially the same apparatus as the Automatic Brake for passenger cars, except that the various parts are so combined as to form practically one piece of mechanism, and is sold at a very low price. The saving in accidents, flat wheels, brakemen's wages, and the increased speed possible with perfect safety, will repay the cost of its application within a very short time.

The WESTINGHOUSE AUTOMATIC BRAKE is now in use on 24,000 engines and 325,000 cars. This includes (with plain brakes) 232,000 freight cars, which is about 23 per cent of the entire freight car equipment of this country, and about 80 per cent of these are engaged in interstate traffic, affording the opportunity of controlling the speed of trains by their use on railways over which they may pass. Orders have been received for 173,000 of the improved quick-action brakes since December, 1887.

WILLIAM C. BAKER.

Successor to

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Inventor and Manufacturer of

All Baker Car Heaters---

THE FIRE PROOF BAKER HEATER,
THE PERFECTED BAKER HEATER,
THE MIGHTY MIDGET BAKER HEATER,
THE TWO COIL BAKER HEATER,
GABLE CAR BAKER HEATER,
THE BAKER STEAM ATTACHMENT.



A Few Pointers . . . in Paragraphs. ¶ ¶ ¶

- ¶ The country can never be any larger unless an earthquake lifts up the bottom of the sea.
- ¶ There is no more land in the United States than when Columbus discovered it, except a little made ground at the mouths of the rivers.
- ¶ Our population is increasing very fast and the hunger for land will become greater every year.
- ¶ Land is increasing in value every day. In time it will be as high priced as it is in England.
- ¶ Land is the basis of all wealth.
- ¶ It cannot be stolen.
- ¶ It cannot run away.
- ¶ It cannot burn up.
- ¶ It produces the food of man and animals.
- ¶ It is the safest investment on earth.
- ¶ It can still be had in the Northwest at very reasonable prices.
- ¶ It can still be homesteaded in some parts of the Northwest.
- ¶ It is the only cheap or free land of any agricultural value remaining untaken in the United States.
- ¶ In the Devils Lake and Turtle Mountain districts of North Dakota free farms produced in 1891 and 1892 from 20 to 40 bushels of wheat to the acre.
- ¶ In the Red River Valley returns often pay for improved farms from a share of a single season's crop.
- ¶ Land on the crop share plan can still be had.
- ¶ Why do men live on high priced rented land back East, which they can never own, often paying for fertilizers per acre more than virgin soil can be bought for in the West?
- ¶ Fine ranges invite the attention of stock raisers in Montana.
- ¶ Minnesota, Montana, Idaho and Washington contain the only forests of valuable timber remaining in the republic.
- ¶ The Northwest invites everybody. There is a good deal of everything to be found there.
- ¶ The new transcontinental line of the Great Northern gives transportation facilities to large areas of new farming, grazing, lumbering and mining country.
- ¶ For publications and information about rates, routes, localities, etc., in the Northwest, address F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

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Car Wheels and all Kinds of Castings.
ROLLING STOCK FOR RAILROADS.

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Designate in your Plans and Specifications.

SAMPLE PANELS FURNISHED.

Send for Pamphlet.

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY,

NEWARK,

BOSTON,

CLEVELAND,

ST. LOUIS,

CHICAGO.



Miranda—"They say that Gussie Codley really wears stays." Amanda: "I don't know anything about that; but I am sure that his stays wear me."

"I passed your door last evening, Miss Gildersleeve," remarked young Mr. Gilley. "How kind of you," replied the grateful girl.—*Harper's Bazar*.

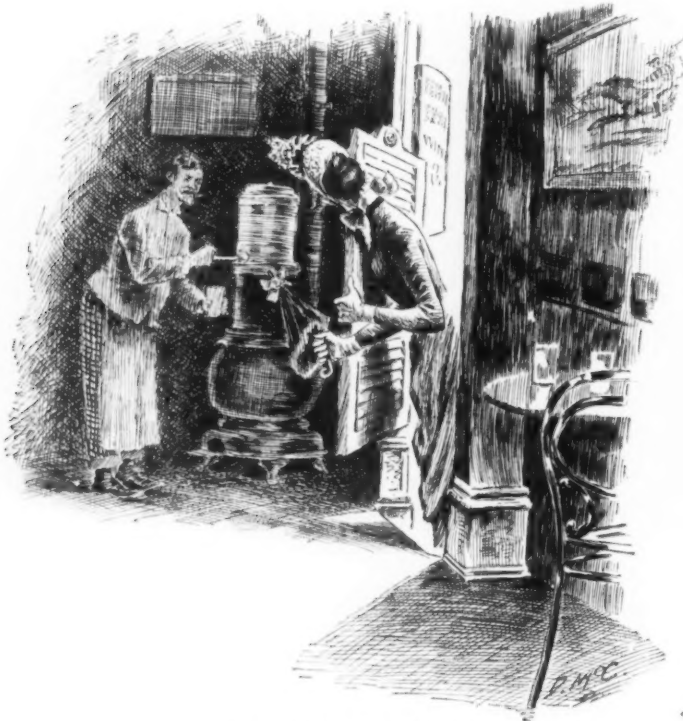
"Ah," said Jehokus, taking his friend's baby, "he has got his mother's eyes—and my hair," he added as the infant grabbed him by the foretop.

Johnny—"Where are you going?"

Tommy—"Home. Ma's a calling me."

Johnny—"She called you two or three times before."

Tommy—"Yes, but she's brought out a cane now."



IN SEARCH OF HER HUSBAND.

Agitated Female—"My husband been in here—short, fat, red-complected man, an breathes heavy?"

Bartender—"A man answering that description, madame, was in about five minutes ago, drank seven fingers of gin—"

"That's Jim; that's Jim!"

"Paid for it, an' went out."

"That ain't Jim." And she shot herself into the street.

Enamored Youth—"May I hope to find a place in your heart?" Lady-love (*fin de siècle*): "Yes, if you hustle. There are only a few choice locations left."

A man down in Jamestown drew his own dog at a raffle. He sold \$116 worth of tickets and kept the lucky number. He lays it to the repeal bill.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record*.

Mother—"Do you think his love for you is unselfish?" Daughter: "Perfectly. The other night he let me sit so long on his knee that he walked lame for ten minutes."

Sandy—"Come with me, George, and let us see the Widows' Home." George: "Not me! I saw a widow home once, and it cost me a cool five hundred and costs."—*Tu-Bits*.

"They say," said Spriggins, "that it takes three generations to make a gentleman." "That," replied Wiggins, "opens up a pleasant prospect for your grandson."

Jane—"Please ma'am, there's a poor man at the door with wooden legs."

Mrs. Youngwife—"Why, Jane, what can we do with wooden legs? Tell him we don't want any."

Salvationist—"If you swear at those horses you'll never get to heaven." Jersey City Driver—"Yes; an' if I don't swear at 'em I'll never get to Hoboken."

Cashier—"I hear that you have lost a whole lot of money in one of those mushroom boom towns out West." Rasher: "It wasn't even a mushroom town. It was just plain toadstool."

PRE-POUCESTER-OUS.

There was a young lady of Gloucester,
Whose parents had hoped they had loucester,
But she came back one day,
To their awful dismay,
So they called her a wicked impoucester.

—*London Spare Moments*.

"Ma," said the newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we.'"

"Why?"

"So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are two many people for him to tackle."

A lady of extraordinary plumpness with difficulty entered a well filled street car. The men buried their classic features still deeper in their newspapers, but a lank youth in one corner rose heroically to the occasion and sang out: "I will be one of four to give that lady a seat."

Puck—"Gadsby, the evangelist who went out West, was shot dead recently."

"How did it happen?" "During a camp meeting, he turned suddenly on a cowboy and asked if he was prepared to die."

"I feel like a new man to-day." "Do you? Glad to hear it. Perhaps you can see your way clear to pay that little bill?" "I'm a new man. I told you. You can't expect me to assume the liabilities of the old concern."

Carruthers—"I wonder what is the cause of so much extra gossiping at summer resorts?"

Walte—"Well, I suppose a woman finds it even harder to keep a secret in warm weather than at other seasons."—*Kate Field's Washington*.

A clothier has excited public curiosity by having a large apple painted outside his shop. When asked for an explanation he replied: "If it hadn't been for an apple, where would the ready-made clothing shops be to-day?"

"Ah! I have something to tell you, Emily, and I fear it will break our engagement." "What is it, Edward?" "I had a brother in the Deer Lodge penitentiary some years ago." "Oh! that's nothing; I had a brother in the Montana legislature last winter."

In everything we take high place—

The mart, the field the forum;

Our yachts are first in every race,

In short, high cockalorum.

We may not have the skill and brains

To beat the whole creation,

But we kill more people on railroad trains

Than any other nation.

—*Missoulain*.

"And that is your answer?"

"It is. But I hope my refusal will not cause you unhappiness, Mr. Perkins."

"No, indeed. Smith said you'd snap up the first man that offered himself, and I bet him you wouldn't. I'm in a box of cigars."—*Life*.

Rector's Wife—"You ought to avoid even the appearance of evil. Do you yourself think the girls who dance are right?"

Belle of the parish—"They must be. I know the girls who don't dance are always left."

NOTE—Dr. F. H. DeVaux, Sup't State Board of Health, and U. S. Surgeon, is at the head of the institution.

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Send for a Free trial package of SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMA CURE. Never fails to give instant relief in the worst cases, and effects cures where others fail. Address DR. E. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.

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